The Famous Hiſtory

of *Guy* Earle of *Warwicke*.

By SAMVEL ROVVLANDS.

Imprinted at London by *Edw: All-de* dwell

27283.25.11

HARVARD COLLEGE
MAY 3 1905
LIBRARY.

Nickerson gift.

TO THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE

PHILIP Earle of *Mountgomery*, Lord HERBERT of *Sherland* and of the most Noble Order of the Gatter, Knight,

RIght worthily enobled, and truely honourable Lord, vouchsafe out of your generous curtesie, (to which all men yeeld a generall applaud) to accept this sleight and weake Poeme, deriued from a strong and mighty subiect, (to wit) Great *Guy* of *Warwicke*, (our famous Countrey-man) whose valour hath beene the worlds wonder, and his admirable acts of Chiualry, terrors and daunting feares to all the op-

poſites of himſelfe and this Kingdome: the neglecting of whoſe worthy memory hath induced my more willing then able Muſe to reuiue the deedes of this duſt conſumed Champion, vpon whoſe honourable Combat, King *Athelſtone* ventured the whole Realme of *England*. Diſdaine not therefore (moſt worthfull and precious ſpirit) in the true affability of your eſteemed vertues, to vouchſafe the view of theſe artleſſe Lines, which in the ſilence of greater ſufficiences, ſpeake only to keepe valour from obliuious deſtruction.

Moſt humbly deuoted
to your Honours Vertues
SAMVEL ROWLANDS.

To the Noble Englisſh Nation.

REnowned Engliſh, whom our Lines inuite,
To view the Acts of Warwicks worthy Knight,
Whoſe deedes of olde, writ with an ancient Pen,
Haue now out-worne the memories of men.
Moſt ſtrange in this ſame Poet-plenty age,
Where Epigrams and Satyres biting rage:
Where Paper is imployed euery day,
To carry Verſe about the Towne for pay;
That Stories ſhould entomb'd with Worthies lye,
And Fame, through Age extinct, obſcurely dye.
Daine to accept what recreations houres
Hath ſpent vpon this Country-man of ours:
It ſeemes too farre vnkinde, that in theſe dayes,
Wee toyle ſo much in other Nations praiſe,
That we neglect the famouſing our owne,
Which ouer-matchfull vnto them were knowne.
England hath bred ſuch men for valour tride:
Could mate all Kingdomes of the World beſide.
Take here a view of Knight-hoods ancient face,
His bruiſed Armour and his bloody caſe,
His broken Launce, gapt Faulch'on, batterr'd Shield,
His valiant Combats with the Foe in field:
The wounds and ſcarres inſculpt vpon his fleſh,
His mortall fights renew'd each day afreſh,
His reaſons that did animate to Armes,
His freeing tender Ladyes from their harmes,
His hacked Target, and his ſplinterd Speare,
His killing Serpents, ſaluage Bore and Beare,

Then looke on ſome, in ages ſince beknighted,
Whoneuer were with Martiall deedes delighted:
That are no kin to them which went of olde
In Yron Armour, theſe are knights in golde:
And you ſhall ſee that one doth weare the Name,
When th'others Actions, merit for the ſame.
The ſame for merit was renowned Guy,
A Champion, that his fame With blood did buy,
And neuer held his life in Coward feare,
But ventur'd it at point of ſword and ſpeare:
He was a Prodegall of life and limme,
And bad all welcome, came to fight with him:
Were it a Gyant like to Gogmagog,
Or Cerberus that triple-headed Dog,
Or he that often did Olimpus climbe,
And was the onely Clubman of his time,
Great Hercules if he had breath'd on ground,
When Engliſh Guy of Warwicke liu'd renownd,
There would haue bene a Combat twixt them two,
To trye what ſtout Alcides force could doe:
Or Hector, whoſe applaude the world doth knowe,
Or fierce Achilles, fearefull to his Foe:
Had all theſe liu'd together in an age,
They had beene Combatants, the earth their ſtage.
Kinde Engliſh, yeeld vnto your Countrey-man,
As gentle entertainment as you can:
Though he lye quiet now transforu'd to duſt,
Sleeping in Death, as other mortals muſt,
With your life-giuing breath, reuiue his Fame,
That hath deſeru'd an honourable Name,
And hauing view'd his Actions, wiſh with me,
That all the Knights we haue, were ſuch as he.

Sam. Rowlands.

The famous Hiſtory of *Guy* Earle of VVARWICKE.

In natures greene vnmellowed yeares,
Cupid tormenteth *Guy*,
Inthralls his heart to *Phelice* loue
By obiect of the eye.

Canto. I.

WHen dreadfull *Mars* in armour eu'ry day
Lou'd ſtately *Iuno* and *Bellona* beſt,
Before he knew the Court where *Venus* lay,
For then he tooke himſelfe to eaſe and reſt.
When all his thoughts, vnto the prooſe were ſteeld,
And all his actions manag'd in the field.

A Knight of his (a worthy Engliſhman,)
That went like him, clad in an Iron coate,
In *Warwicke* with the worlds applaud began,
To be a man of admirable note:
Such was the valour he aſcended by,
That Pagans trembled at the name of *Guy*.

This man compos'd of courage full of ſpright,
Or hard aduentures, and of great deſignes,
To fight with Gyants tooke a chiefe delight,
Or ſearch ſome Caue that Monſter vnder-mines,
Meete with a Boare to make a bloudy fray,
Or Combat with a Dragon, by the day.

Yet ere he entertaind his Loue to armes,
He grew deuoted to the Queene of Loue;
Attempting Beauties ſort with fierce allarmes,
The victory of ſuch a prize to proue,
As elder times before conld nere inioy,
A ſweeter face then loſt olde *Priam* Troy.

Faire *Phelice*, equall match to *Cupids* mother,
A curious Creature, and the kingdomes pride;
All ſpacious Brittaine had not ſuch another,
For glorious beauty, and good parts beſide:
Twixt her and *Vulcans* wife no oddes were known,
But *Venus* had a Mole, and ſhe had none.

For moſt directly ſhe had *Venus* haire,
The ſame high fore-head, and attractiue eye;
Her cheekes of Roſes mixt with Lillies faire,
The very lippes of perfect Corall dye,
Iuory teeth, a dainty riſing chinne,
A ſoft touch-pleaſing, ſmooth, and ſilken skinne.

With

With all perfections make a peareleſſe Creature,
From head to foote, ſhe had them eu'ry one,
Mirrour ſhe was of comelineſſe and feature,
An Engliſh Phenix, ſupreame faire alone;
Whom gazing people cenſures, thus would grace,
Beauty liues no where but in *Phelice* face.

In *Phelice* face (this obiect of *Guyes* ſight)
Were lookes of loue, and glaunces of diſdaine;
From thence ſometimes his eyes attracts delight,
From thence anon his heart deriueth paine:
One while ſweete ſmiles doe giue encouragement,
Another time, ſterne lookes worke diſcontent.

Thus on loues Seas toſt by the ſtormes of terrour,
Twixt preſent calme, and ſuddaine furious blaſt;
Reſoluing loue, yet finding loue in errour,
In freedome chain'd, in libertie bound faſt:
He ſighes that Fortune doth ſo ſtrangely deale,
To giue a wound that Beauty will not heale.

That beauty will not heale (quoth he) fond man,
Thou wrongſt thy ſelfe, and thy faire Goddeſſe too,
By lookes to know a womans heart, who can?
And looke on her is onely all I doe:
Ile take another courſe more reſolute,
To ſpeake, to write, my honeſt meanings ſuite.

But if I ſhould doe ſo, what hope haue I,
That ſhe will heare my words, or read my lines?
She is Earle *Rohands* heyre, and borne too hye,
To condiſcend vnto my poore deſignes:
Though I a Gentleman by birth am knowne,
Earledomes I want, and Lordſhips I haue none.

Oh! Women are ambitious out of meaſure,
They mount aloft vpon the wings of pride,
And often match more for this worldly treaſure,
Then any louing cauſe on earth beſide: (gold,
Which makes ſome wiſh, rather there were no
Then loue for it, ſhould baſe be bought and ſolde.

If ſuch ſhe be (as not be ſuch is rare)
What will my words, or ſighes, or teares preuaile?
I enter then a Laborinth of care,
And ſtriue againſt both winde and tide to ſaile:
A reſtleſſe ſtone with *Siſiphus* I roule,
And heape continuall torments on my ſoule.

Then I attempt to flye with waxen wings,
Where *Phœbus* Chariot burnes in brighteſt flame,
And ſhall be cenſur'd, that in childiſh things
As loue, I haue begot eternall ſhame,
Reiected and diſpis'd in baſe eſteeme,
To th'enuious world, I ſhall no better ſeeme.

But

But ceaſe loues coward, baniſh thoughts of feare,
Be reſolute, and good acceſſe attend thee:
Phelice of force a louing heart muſt beare,
If he that ſhootes loues Darts of gold, befriend thee:
And by no reaſon he can be thy foe,
Becauſe thou lou'ſt his Mothers Picture ſo.

I am reſolu'd goe on to *Phelice* Bower,
And from as true a heart as fleſh can yeeld;
Intreat her heare me in a bleſſed houre,
And with kinde pitty all my ſorrowes ſhield;
To looke vpon me with remorſe of minde,
That holds my life, as her loue is inclinde.

This ſaid, to *Warwicke* Caſtle he repaires,
Where the rich Iewell of his heart remained:
Earle *Rohand* bids him welcome, and prepares
With hunting ſports, to haue him entertained:
But thereunto vnwilling eare he lends,
And ſuddaine ſickneſſe for excuſe pretends.

The Earle much grieued at this alteration,
Sent his Phyſition for to doe him good:
Who tolde *Guy* that his onely preſeruation,
Conſiſted in the preſent letting of blood;
And that his body in diſtemperature,
Was difficult and very hard to cure.

Doctor (quoth *Guy*) 'tis true, I know as much,
I finde my ſelfe to be exceeding ill;
But ther's a Flower, which if I might touch,
would heale me better then thy Phyſickes skill.
Tis called by a pretty pleaſing name,
And *Felix* ſoundeth ſomewhat neare the ſame.

Quoth the Phiſition, ſir I know it not,
Nor in the Herball read of ſuch a flower:
Yet in this Caſtle it is to be got
Said *Guy*, it growes not farre from yonder Tower;
Ile finde it out my ſelfe, Doctor refraine,
Gallen had ne're the art to cure my paine.

Left in his paſſion to conuerſe with moane,
As in a window he did ſighing lye;
In a delightfull Garden all alone,
The Empreſſe of his thoughts he did eſpye;
Which to his ſoule did much rejoycing bring,
Feare was depos'd, and Hope was crowned King.

Now is the time (quoth he) faire Fortunes ſun
Shines fauourable on my gloomy cares;
Now may I end the griefe that loue begun,
And boldly aske good hap, how well ſhe fares:
Now will I enter yonder pleaſant ſhade,
To court the worlds admired beautious Maid.

Phelice I come, assist me *Cupid* now,
Prepare an Arrow ready for my Bowe;
I neuer went a woing; teach me how
Good action (with good speach) I may bestowe:
But aboue all things, gentle *Cupid* moue her,
That she beleeue me when I sweare I loue her.

With speed vnto the Garden then he goes,
Where one of *Phelice* Damsels lets him in,
And in a curious Arbor of repose
Findes *Cetherea* with her siluer skinne:
Whom he salutes with grace and Maiestie,
Beholding her with loues inchaunting eye.

Fairest (quoth he) of all the workes of Nature
Whose equall neuer breath'd this common ayre;
More wonderfull than Earth can yeeld a Creature;
For eu'ry part belonging vnto faire;
Immortall Creature of Cœlestiall frame,
Eternall honour still attend thy name.

I come to thee about the like poore suite,
That once *Leander* came to *Hero* with;
Hoping thereby to reape more louely fruite,
Than *Mars* attain'd when he deceiu'd the Smith:
'Tis onely loue that I with heart present,
'Tis onely loue must giue my soule content.

Incline

Incline ſweete Lady to mine humble motion,
Compaſſionate the griefe that I endure;
Regard my life that reſts at thy deuotion,
With pitty take my dying heart in cure:
O let it not in groaning torments ſwell,
And breake in twaine, becauſe it loues thee well.

Great Princes loue thee, this I knew before,
And deedes of honour for thy name haue done,
But neither King, nor Prince, can loue thee more,
Then doth poore *Guy*, thy Fathers Stewards ſonne:
His loue to thee is ſo ineſtimable,
To counteruaile it, all they are not able.

Phelice thus interrupts his ptoteſtation:
No more of Loue, ceaſe gentle Youth (quoth ſhe)
I haue a minde fram'd of another faſhion;
Virginity ſhall liue and dye with me:
Loue is compos'd of idleneſſe and play,
And leades to vaine delights, delights that ſtray.

Beſides, it ill beſeemes thee be ſo bolde,
Inferiour and vnfit for my degree:
And if vnto my father this were tolde,
I know it would procure reproofe to thee.
The Prouerbe in this point might make thee wiſe,
That Princely Eagles, *ſcorne the catching* Flyes.

And

And with this answer she departeth thence,
Leauing poore *Guy* worse vexed then before:
For now in deepe dispaire of recompence,
He neuer doth expect Loues comfort more;
But vnto sorrow, sighes, and teares doth giue,
Wishing each day the last he had to liue.

Guy, in strange passions for his Loue,
Great torments doth indure:
Till *Phelice* sees a Vision, and
Doth yeeld her patient cure.

Canto. 2.

VVIth tyred thoughts remaines this wofull wight
Distracted in his melancholy mind,
Pertaking nothing that containes delight,
All things are harsh, distastfull, out of kinde,
Phelice denyes him loue, whose sound of breath,
Is like the Iudge that doomes a man to death.

Like to *Orestes* in his franticke fits,
He tare the golden tresses from his head,
Or mad *Orlando* quite depriu'd of wits;
From whom the vse of sence and reason fled:
So fares it with this Loue-tormented man,
Whose raging thoughts into disorder ran.

Society he Shunnes, and keepes alone,
Accuſing Deſtenie, and curſing Beauty,
He hates himſelfe, and is a friend to none,
Beyond the limits of all Loue and Duty:
Venus (quoth he) how are thy lawes forgot,
Thus to afflict him that offends thee not?

What is the cauſe I am reiected thus?
Who interrupts my loue to Beauties mirrour?
I'le dragge him hence, to roaring *Erebus*,
There to be plunged in eternall terrour:
Ile to *Ioues* Court, and there with ſhouts and cryes,
Make ſuch a clangor as ſhall rent the skyes.

Shall I be couſen'd as *Orpheus* was?
Aſſiſt me *Theſeus* to reuenge this wrong,
Where's *Rhadamant* that Iuſtice cannot paſſe?
Euridice is ſolde euen for a Song:
Fiends, Furies, Goblins, Hidraes, for a fall,
I am prepar'd to manage with you all.

Ile mount vpon the backe of *Pegeſus*,
And in bright *Phebus* flames my ſelfe will wrappe:
Then will I tumble windy *Eolus*,
To ſleepe in *Thetis* watery Chriſtall lap:
From thence Ile poſt vnto the torrid *Zone*,
To finde which way faire *Phelice* loue is gone.

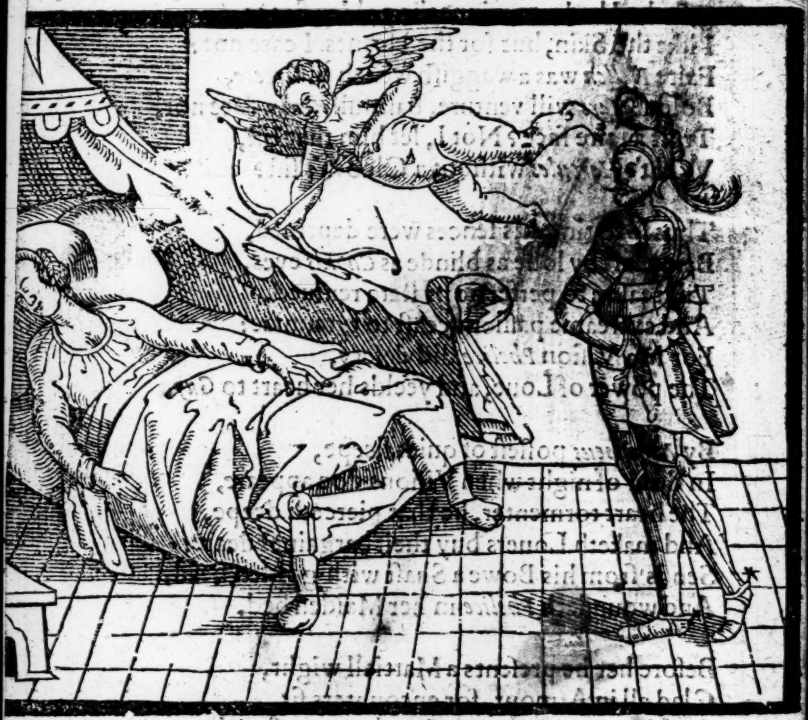
Iaſon

Iason had lucke to winne the golden fleece,
I like the Skin, but for the Hornes I care not:
Faire *Hellen* was a waggiſh wench of *Greece*,
Bolde *Mars* will venture, baſhfull *Venus* dare not.
Truſt a faire face? Not I, let him that liſt,
What's *Hercules* without a Club in's fiſt?

Thus for a time his ſences were depriued,
Being left by loue as blinde as *Cupids* eyes,
Till reaſon to perfections ſtate reuiued,
And extreame paſſions ceaſt to tyrannize:
For in a Viſion *Phelice* did deſcry,
The power of Loue, and yeelds her heart to *Guy*.

By *Morpheus* poſſeſt of quiet ſleepe,
In dead of night when Viſions doe appeare,
The heart tormenter, he that pierceth deepe,
And maketh Louers buy their bargaines deare:
Sends from his Bowe a Shaft with golden head,
And wounderh *Phelice* in her Maiden bed.

Before her he preſents a Martiall wight,
Clad all in Armour, for encounters fit,
And ſaies; *ſweete Virgin, loue this man of might,*
Giue him thy heart, for he doth merit it,
For Valour, Courage, comely ſhape and Limme,
The world hath not a Champion like to him.



Faire Phelice in a Vision,
Entertanes the Loue of Guy:
Inioyning him Aduentures strange,
His manly force to trye.

Great honour Lady thou shalt gaine thereby,
T'adorne thy Noble and renowned Birth:
He shall aspire vnto such Maiesty,
His name will be a terrour on the Earth;
He shall become a Champion vnto Kings,
And by the Sword performe admired things.

Be not ambitious that thou art high borne,
Be not disdainfull of a meane estate,
Be not defiled with the brand of scorne,
Be not too proud that thou art Beauties mate;
For 'tis in vaine to striue against my Bow,
If I say Loue, it must and shall be so.

Fixe not thy thoughts basely on worldly wealth,
(Coyne should not be foundation vnto Loue)
Corrupted hearts it drawes away by stealth,
These money-matches cannot happy proue:
For as the goods of Fortune doth decay,
So loue which they beget, consumes away.

I know how *Plutoes* golden Treasure swayes,
By deuilish and accursed false illusion:
I know how Womens humours now adayes,
Run after Riches to their owne confusion;
I see the Peasant with most abie & life,
With Golde enough can buy a dainty wife.

But *Phelice* if thou knew'st as much as I,
How base the Gods esteeme of such abuses,
When Beauty selles, and Riches come to buy,
Which are not made for one anothers vses,
Thou wouldest scorn that Maidens should be solde,
As Cattell are, for Siluer and for Golde.

Loue must be simple, harmeleſſe, pure and plaine,
And take originall from a true affection;
It must reciprocall returne againe,
Or else it doth discouer imperfection. (deeds,
Loues inward thoughts concurre with outward
Such as from loyalty and truth proceeds.

Thy Louer comes not for aduancement to thee,
In that thy Father is a worthy Earle;
It is not Dowry that can cause him wooe thee
Had'st thou th' *Arabian* Golde, or *Indian* Pearle:
But as great *Iupiter* to *Leda* came
For a sweete face, His purpose is the same.

Therefore kinde Virgin, vse him kindely well,
Make much of *Guy*, imbrace him for thine owne:
Affoord him loues roome in thy heart to dwell,
Let him no longer liue in pensiue moane;
But the next time thou doest behold his face,
Giue him encouragement, with kinde imbrace.

And

And with that word (imbrace) hee ſhot, and hit
The very center of her tender heart:
Feeling the wound, ſhe ſtarts awake with it,
Being taught thereby to pitty Louers ſmart,
For *Cupid* drew his Arrow to the head,
Becauſe he would be ſure ſhe ſhould be ſped.

With that ſhe fetch'd a ſigh, a grieuous one,
And from her eyes a ſhower of teares did fall:
Where is (quoth ſhe) the gentle Loue-God gone,
Whoſe power I finde is powerfull vnto all?
Oh call him backe, my fault I doe confeſſe,
I haue in loue beene too too pittileſſe.

Sweete Boy, ſolicite for me to thy Mother,
And at her Altars I will ſacrifice:
From this day forth I will adore no other,
No Goddeſſe ſhall be gratious in mine eyes,
But ſhe that hath imperious rule and might,
To leade obdurate hearts to kinde delight.

Compaſſion now hath worthy conqueſt made,
Of that ſtrong fort, which did reſiſtance make,
One ſhaft had beene ſufficient to perſwade,
A league for Life, a truce till Death doe take,
Guy more then Life doth *Phelice* loue preferre,
Phelice affects *Guy* deare, as he doth her.

But

But vnto him her loue is yet vnknowne,
Though his be made apparant long before:
He vnderstands not that she is his owne,
He feeles no salue apply'd vnto his sore;
Till forc'd by passions, and constrain'd laments,
A second suite he boldly thus presents.

Phelice, I was arraigned long agoe,
And now I looke for Iudgement at thy hand:
I haue beene Prisoner in a jayle of woe,
So long, that speedy sentence I demaund:
Oh speake vnto me, either Life or Death!
For I am tyred with my vitall breath.

If kindnesse dwell in that faire shape of thine,
Expresse it with (*I Loue*:) if none there be,
Then say, *I cannot vnto Loue incline*;
And so thou mak'st a quicke dispatch with me.
Cencure me so daine, either smile or frowne,
I Will not liue thus for this kingdomes Crowne.

Phelice reply'd, 'tis not at my dispose,
To fashion Loue without my friends consent;
What would you wish me to be one of those,
That are to Parents disobedient?
Shall fond affection ouer-rule the will,
And doe you good to be accounted ill?

You

You know my Fathers greatnes in the Land,
And if he ſhould (as ther's no other like)
The loue of one too mean for me withſtād, (ſtrike
How could we beare the ſtroke, diſgrace would
Nothing but death could make my ſorrow ſweet,
And ſhame would wrap me in a Winding-ſheet.

Doubt not of Father in this caſe (quoth he)
For *Warwicks* Earle (that honourable man)
Shall ſee ſuch deedes of valour done by me,
To haue diſlike he neither will nor can:
Inioyne me what aduentures thou think'ſt good,
That wounds and ſcars may let my body blood.

Why then (quoth ſhe) *Guy* make thy valour ſhine
Through-out the world, as glorious as the Sunne,
My heart, my ſoule, my life, my loue is thine,
When deedes of honour by thy hand are done.
Make thy ſelfe famous by a martiall life,
And then take *Phelice* for thy lawfull wife.

I aske no more (ſaid he) to gaine thy loue,
I ſhall eſteeme it bought at eaſie rate:
Oh that I were at worke, my taske to proue,
With *Hercules*, or ſome ſuch churliſh mate!
Phelice farwell, this kiſſe thou giueſt mee,
Shall make a number kiſſe the ground for thee.

From *England Guy* to *France* doth go
Where deedes of armes are done:
And thence returnes triumphantly,
With all the Prizes wonne.

Canto. 3.

INlarg'd frō ſorowes thraldome, by Hopes, bayle,
Guy armes his thoughts with Honors enterprize:
Imbarkes himſelfe, and into *France* doth ſayle,
Leauing faire *England*, where his comfort lyes:
He ſeekes for enemies, he longs for foes,
And now deſires to be a dealing blowes.

In *Normandy* arriu'd, he vnderſtands,
That there was warlike buſineſſe to be done
For valiant Knights, of diuers Chriſtian Lands,
The race of Valour did intend to runne,
A great aduenture was propounded there,
Which newes was muſique to his greedy eare.

The Prize that drew them all vnto this place,
Was Daughter to the *Almane* Emperour,
Faire *Blaunch*, with ſuch a wondrous heauenly face,
It had attractiue Beauty full of power.
In her, ſuch graces did vnite to gether,
The Worthies of the world came poſting thither.

Who

Who wonne the Damſell (it was thus decreed)
By manly courage and victorious might,
Should haue her mounted on a milke-white Steed,
Two Gray-hounds and a Faulcon all as white:
This was his Lot that could attaine the Day,
To beare the Honour and the Maide away.

Our Engliſh Knight prepares him for the field,
Where Kinges were preſent, Princes did repaire,
Where Dukes and Earles a great aſſembly held,
About the face that was ſo wondrous faire,
Though only one muſt ſpeed, and hundreds miſſe,
Yet each man there imagin's *Blaunch* is his.

The ſpacious Field where they aſſembled were,
Hardly affoorded roome, for armed crowdes,
The golden glittering Armour that was there,
Did dart the Sun-beams backe vnto the Clowdes.
The pamper'd Horſes proudly ſtampt the ground,
To heare the clangor of the Trumpets ſound.

A *Germaine* Prince of an vndaunted ſprite,
A firſt and very fierce Encounter gaue
Vnto an Earle, whoſe Valour did requite,
With blow for blow, as reſolutely braue,
Till by a ſtroake the Earle receiu'd on's head,
He was vn-horſt, falling to ground for dead.

Then *Guy* came foorth with courage to the Prince,
And deales with him as *Hercules* would doe:
Like force he neuer felt, before nor since,
Such hard extreames he ne're was put vnto.
Iust where himselfe had laide the Earle in swound,
Ther down coms he, both horse & man to ground

Duke *Otton* seeing this, was in a rage,
And desp'rate humor did incense him so,
He vowed by Heauens nothing should asswage
His fury, but the death of the proud foe.
Prepare thee, Fight to breath thy last (quoth he)
Monster, Deuill, or whatsoe're thou be.

They ioyne together by a dreadfull fight,
The splinters flye, and clattering Armour sounds:
The dust ascendeth vp, and blindes their sight,
The blood allayes it streaming from their woundes;
Both their swords brake, they fight, & on his backe
Guy threw the Duke, that euen his bones did crack.

Duke *Rauier* would reuenge his Cosin then,
And for encounter he prepareth next:
Quoth *Guy*, I finde y'are wretches and no men,
That with a blow or fall so soone be vext,
But come and welcome, I am for you all,
We say in *England*, *The weakest must to wall*,

They

They rush together, that the ground did shake,
While animating Trumpets sound allarme,
In *Ranters* shoulder *Guy* a wound did make,
Whereby he lost the vse of his right arme:
Yeelding himselfe as others did before,
Vnable once to wield his weapon more.

Then for a while all stood amaz'd at *Guy*,
And not a man was forward to proceed,
Till *Lauaines* Duke his fortune went to try,
Hauing good hope that he should better speed,
Well mounted, and well arm'd, he faire did sit,
On a proud Steed, that ill indur'd the bit.

I thinke (quoth he) thou some Inchanter art,
That hast the force of Magicke in thine arme,
Ile teach thee to beleeue re we depart
Quoth *Guy*, for thou shalt feele that I can charme:
Ile coniure thee euen with an Yron spell,
My sword shall send thee vnto heauen or hell.

With that he lent him such a cruell stroake,
That th'other did returne a weake replie,
With second and with third his Helmet broake,
Hold, hold (quoth he) Ile rather yeeld then dye.
Fight for a Woman! he that list for me;
I thinke the Deuill cannot deale with thee.

Then not a man that would encounter more,
They all were terrified and ſtood in feare:
And in a rage amongſt themſelues they ſwore,
What, ſhall a Stranger all the honour beare
Of this great Day? what curſed fortune's this,
That all the glory of the Field is his?

Amongſt themſelues his happineſſe they curſt,
In enuies heate, not knowing what to doe,
They could haue kild him, but that no man durſt
Put his owne life in hazard thereunto.
If wiſhes might haue done it, he had dyde,
Bnt fight with him not any could abide.

The Emperor, for *Guy*, a Knight did ſend,
Asking his Name and Birth-place, which he tolde:
Then ſaid his Maieſtie, I much commend
Thy haughty Courage, reſolutely bolde,
Braue Engliſhman, that art thy Countries pride,
In Europe liues not ſuch a man beſide.

I doe admire thy worth, thy valour's great,
To ſpeake thy praiſe my tongue cannot ſuffice,
Aſcend to Honours iuſt deſerued ſeate,
That art a ſecond *Hector* in mine eyes,
This Day thy worthy hand hath ſhowne me more,
Then in my Life I euer ſawe before.

Come

Come and receiue thy due defert from me,
My Daughters Loue is free at thy diſpoſe,
The Gray-hounds, Steed, and Fauleon, take to thee
Thy worthines doth merit more then thoſe.
Holde, heer's a Iewell, weare it for my ſake:
Which I a witneſſe of my loue doe make.

Guy thank'd his Highneſſe for his gracious fauour,
And vowd him ſeruice while his life did laſt,
Then to the Princeſſe with a milde behauiour,
A reuerent, humble, modeſt looke he caſt:
Saying faire Lady, Fortune is my friend,
That doth ſuch Beauty to my Lot extend.

Madame accept your loyall Engliſh Knight,
To doe true ſeruice when you pleaſe command it,
Who while he hath a drop of Blood, will fight
In your behalfe, againſt who dare withſtand it,
To be your Husband is degree too hye,
'Tis grace ſufficient, call me ſeruant *Guy*.

In *England* doth my marriage Loue remaine,
To whom I muſt and will be true for euer:
About whole face Nature hath tooke ſuch paine,
I durſt haue ſworn fleſh could haue match'd it neuer;
But novv I finde (that curiouſly haue ey'd her)
There is a Phenix in the vvorld beſide her.

And

And that's your selfe: I, dare the world deny it,
But which is fairest, eyes cannot decide;
No humane iudgement in the world can try it,
Who hath most beauty, *Blaunch* or my faire Bride:
I dare be bolde to call you beauties twinnes,
And *Venus*, Blackamore to both your skinnes.

Oh *Phelice*, heere's thy Picture in this Princesse,
Me thinkes tho'art present in her louely looke:
Thou that of my soules faculties art Mistris,
Recorded in Times brasen-leaned booke:
To thee if I proue false, or be misled,
Ioues fearefull vengeance light vppon my head.

Quoth *Blaunch*, thy constancy (and sighed deepe)
Is highly to be praised, thou dost well:
He that Loues-promise will not faithfull keepe,
In horror and in torments let him dwell.
But I suppose thy vowes are yet to make,
And so what thy sword won, thy heart may take.

What I auouch is truth, the heauens knowes,
My protestations are aboue the skies:
Madam, the Sunne declines day ancient growes,
I'le take my leaue of you in humble wise,
My body is vnto repose inclinde,
Although no rest be in my troubled minde.

My

My troubled mind's in Warwicke Caſtle now,
Although my body be in *Normandie*:
Heere I make others bend, there doe I bow,
And lowly as the humble ground doe lye,
Euen at loues feete I caſt my ſelfe to ground,
Though victory my temples here haue crown'd

I cannot ſtay, I muſt to *England* backe,
My minde mis-giues me *Phelice* is not well:
Like my ſad thoughts, my Armour ſhall be blacke;
Ile ſuite me in a mournefull Iron ſhell:
For where the minde meetes with ſuſpitious cares,
Diſtruſt is euer dealing doubtfull ſhares.

Yet I haue much good fortune on my ſide,
That knowe the meanes how to attaine my bliſſe;
For *Phelice* loue is to conditions tyed,
And I doe truſt ſhe is mine owne by this:
By this ſhe may, but if ſhe more require,
Ther's nothing in the world I will deny're.

With haſty iourney he is homeward bound,
Leauing the vulgar to their nine dayes wonder;
Ariuing ſafely on the Engliſh ground;
Poſting to her, ſuppos'd too long a ſunder:
Whom with more ioy his chearfull lookes behold,
Then can by pen, or lines of incke be tolde.

In France *all Knights of Chriſtendome,*
To winne a Princeſſe, meete:
Guy *coquers all, and winnes the prize,*
Then doth his Goddeſſe greete.

With the rewards of victory,
Guy doth his Loue present:
But *Phelice* is not satisfied;
Him forth againe she sent.

Canto. 4.

IN the supposed hauen of repose,
Hope casteth Anchor for his Barke to ride:
With kinde salute vnto his Loue he goes;
Who giues imbracements, and all things beside
Besits affection, all such complements,
As Loue can looke for, gracious she presents.

Faire Foe (quoth *Guy*) I come to challenge thee,
For ther's no men that I can meete, will fight;
I haue beene where a crue of Cowards be,
Not one that dare maintaine a Ladies right:
Good proper fellowes of their tongues and tall,
That let me winne a Princesse from them all.

Phelice, this sword hath won an Emperors daughter,
As sweete a wench as liues in Europes space: (her,
At price of blowes, and bloody wounds I bought
Well worth my bargaine; but thy better face
Hath made me leaue her to some other Lot,
For I protest by heauens, I loue her not.

This ſtately Steed, this Falcon, and theſe Hounds,
I tooke, as in full paiment of the reſt:
For I will keepe my loue within the bounds
That doe encloſe the compaſſe of thy breaſt:
My conſtancy to thee is all my care,
Leauing all other Women as they are.

But ſweete heart, tell me, ſhall I haue thee now?
Wilt thou conſent the Prieſt ſhall doe his part?
Art thou reſolued ſtill to keepe thy vow?
Is none but I, halfe with thee in thy heart?
Canſt thou forſake the world, change Maiden life,
And helpe thy faithfull Louer to a wife?

Qd. *Phelice*, worthy Knight, my ioyes are great,
To vnderſtand thy honourable deedes:
It ſeemes ſome were in ſuch a bloody ſweate,
Their valour, fame, and reputation bleedes:
I giue thee humble thankes, that for my ſake,
Such hard aduentures did'ſt vouchſafe to take.

To winne a Princeſſe was a precious prize:
But ſure me thinkes, if I had beene ſir *Guy*,
She ſhould haue found more fauour in mine eyes,
Than take a Horſe, and turne a Lady by.
What, is a Horſe, a Falcon, and a Hound,
More worthfull then a Lady ſo renown'd?

Perhaps

Perhaps youl ſay, 'tis done for loue of mee,
I doe imagine, nay beleeue it ſo:
And though I jeſt, I will doe more for thee,
Then thou, or any but my ſelfe doth know.
Ile neuer marry while lifes Glaſſe doth runne,
But onely thee: thee, or Ile dye a Nunne.

But giue me leaue to ſpeake my minde (kinde loue)
Let me locke vp my ſecrets in thy breaſt:
I had a viſion did affliction moue;
Cupid came to me in my quiet reſt,
And did command me in his Mothers name,
To loue thee: thus perſwading to the ſame.

An armed man (juſt as I ſee thee now)
He ſet before me, ſpeaking to me thus:
Phelice, be gentle-hearted, yeelding, bow,
Doe not oppoſe againſt the power of vs;
But all thy loue, thy loyalty and truth,
Beſtow it freely on this matchleſſe Youth.

Throughout the world, his fame ſhall be admired,
And mighty men ſhall tremble at his wrath:
To end Kings quarrels he ſhall be required,
His worthineſſe ſhall tread no common path,
But actions ſo be fear'd he ſhall effect
Matters of moment, thinges of great reſpect.

This (in effect) he did to me relate,
And I haue bin obedient to his will:
Now if I would, I know not how to hate,
Of perfect kindneſſe I am taught the skill:
Beleeue me Loue, for if it were not ſo,
This ſecret of my heart thou ſhouldſt not know.

But now my Loue, before thou muſt poſſeſſe
Thy conſtant *Phelida* in her marriage bed,
Thou muſt doe deedes of greater worthineſſe,
Then winning of a Lady with her Steed.
Ile euer loue thee, though thou neere doe more,
But will not grant the vſe of loue before.

Not grant me vſe of loue (quoth he) faire friend?
Why then of force I muſt abroad againe:
I will content thee, or Ile make an end
One way or other; ſlay or elſe be ſlaine:
E're I returne againe into this Realme,
Thou ſhalt confeſſe I haue fulfil'd thy Dreame.

Aſſiſt me Heauens, as I meane vpright;
For I proteſt by all the Powers Deuine,
No vniuſt quarrell ſhall procure me fight,
To wrong the wronged I will ne're incline;
But ſtand for thoſe that by oppreſſion fall,
Is Honours venture, be it life and all.

Come

Come my *Bellona*, doe thou gird my ſword,
Imbrace my armour in thy Iuory armes;
And ſuch kinde kiſſes as thou canſt afford,
Beſtowe vpon me in the ſteed of Charmes:
I thinke vpon *Vliſſes* louing Wife,
How thou art now to immitate her life.

Farwell my *Phelice*, health and happineſſe
Attend thee euer, to thy hearts deſire:
And I beſeech God grant me like ſucceſſe,
As I reſolue my loue to thee entire.
At my returne, when *Mars* his buſineſſe ends,
My comfort is, *Hymen* will make amends.

And ſo vnto Earle *Rohand* he repaires,
And tels him, he is come to take his leaue:
He muſt ſeeke out where honour dealeth ſhares,
To purchaſe that which worthy men receiue.
At home (ſayes he) my honourable Lord,
I finde, that valour nothing will afford.

Therefore I'le ſearch abroad what's to be done,
From Countrey vnto Kingdome I'le reſort:
By Natures courſe my Glaſſe hath much to runne;
I well may ſpare ſome yeares for fighting ſport:
Of idleneſſe there's nothing comes but euill,
I hate a Coward as I hate the Deuill.

Guy (Qd. the Earle) thou mak'ſt me grieue at this,
The newes is more then I can well indure;
Thy wiſhed company ſo ſoone to miſſe,
When I did make account I had beene ſure
Poſſeſt of thee, at thy late trauails end,
And doſt thou now journeyes of new intend?

Remaine with me, truſt not to Fortunes power,
Though now ſhe haue ſo well and kindely delt;
She may allot thee an vnluckie houre,
That inſtantly her fauours ſo haue felt:
Her curteſies are moſt vnconſtant things,
Beleeue her not, ſhe deleath falſe with Kings.

Triumphant on her wheele thou now doſt ſit,
And with fames triumph thy glory doth remaine:
Oh! doe not ouer-raſhly hazard it;
Loſt honour is not eaſie got againe.
May not one curſed and vnhappy blow,
Betray thy life to thy inſulting foe?

May not a Monſter, or a ſauage Beaſt
At vnawares depriue thee of thy breath?
May not a Tyrant when thou thinkeſt leaſt,
Cut off thy courſe, by an vntimely death?
May not a thouſand dangers on thee light,
Where but thy ſelfe, thy wronged ſelfe muſt right?

(Quoth

(Quoth *Guy*) my Lord no longer he may not feare,
That to aduentures doth himselfe dispose;
He must a minde of resolution beare,
And thinke himselfe too good for all his foes.
Ile neuer dread I shall be ouer-matcht,
While I haue hands to fight, and legs to stand.

Therefore in humble sort I leaue your honour,
Wishing all health vnto your happy state,
If fortune take a frowning moode vpon her,
Why, she shall see I will disdaine her hate:
What starre soeuer swai'd when I was borne,
I beare a minde will laugh mishap to scorne.

Guy to the Duke of *Louaine* goes,
And joynes with him in strength;
Against the Emperour *Reynere*,
Then makes his peace at length.

Canto. 5.

NOw *Guy* expects a sauourable gaile,
Which to his hearts desire doth attaine;
And with a speedy passage he doth saile,
To seeke aduentures out in *France* againe,
Where finding none, from thence away he hyes
To *Louaine*, where in siege the Emperour lyes.

For *Segwin*, Duke of *Louaines* hap was ſuch,
At Turnament a Noble man to kill,
The Emperours Couſin, whom he loued much,
And tooke the death of him exceeding ill:
So that a quarrell thereupon aroſe,
And warre enſu'd betwixt two mighty foes.

Thither goes *Guy* to lend the Duke his ayde;
But in the way an accident befell:
For by Duke *Otten* he was falſe betraide,
And's life in queſtion, which he free'd well.
Otton in *France* before diſgrac'd by *Guy*;
Had vow'd where ere he met him he ſhould dye.

And to that end, ſixteene appointed were,
To lye in ambuſh, and ſurpriſe him ſo,
All men of reſolution, voide of feare,
That in a Forreſt did themſelues beſtow,
And ſet on *Guy*, only with three Knights more:
The like diſtreſſe he ne're was in before.

Now Gentlemen, and louing Friends (quoth he)
Shew your ſelues Engliſh-hearted, rightly bred:
Heere is ſome oddes, ſixteene vnto you three,
But I the fourth will ſtand you in ſome ſtead,
You three ſhall combat ſixe, that's two for one,
And with the other ten let me alone.

Where-

Wherewith he drew his ſword, and laid about,
That ratling armour eccho'd in the skye;
Dealing ſo reſolute amongſt the route,
That downe they droppe on euery ſide and dye.
Here lyeth one that hath no legges to ſtand,
And there another wanting head and hand.

Guy quickly made diſpatch of his halfe ſcore,
He was not long in ridding them away:
But then remained halfe a dozen more,
Which two of his moſt worthy Knights did ſlay;
When he perceiu'd them fall, he ſtampt the ground
And vtter'd forth this fearefull angry ſound.

Ah Villaines, how my ſoule abhorres this ſight,
For theſe, how my reuenging paſſions ſtriues!
This bloody deed, with blood I will requite;
You dye for it, had each a thouſand liues:
Two ſlaine out right, and *Heraud* wounded too,
Is the laſt curſed act that you ſhall doe.

With force (as 'twere exceeding humane ſtrength)
He layes vpon them, blowes to ſtagger vnder,
And brings them breathles to the groũd, at length
Cut all in peece-meale for the Crowes a ſunder:
There lye (quoth he) and feaſt fowles of the ayre,
Or feede thoſe ſauage Beaſts that will repaire.

But these sweet Gentlemen that haue resign'd
Their dearest liues, euen for the loue of me;
And came from *England* as their loue inclin'd,
Companions in my hardest haps to be,
I will interre in honourable wise,
With best solemnitie I can deuise.

From thence vnto a Hermit dwelling nye,
He rode, and did commit that charge with care;
Who did performe the office carefully,
And *Herand* home vnto his Cell he bare; (slaine,
Who was not dead, though *Guy* suppos'd him
But by the Hermit was reliu'd againe.

Now forth goes *Guy*, pensiue, perplexed, sad,
Grieuing that Destinie so cruelly dealt;
For left alone, no company he had,
To ease the torments that in heart he felt:
Till trauailing along, at last he found,
A place for honour, very much renown'd.

There did he meete with tilt and turnament,
And entertain'd both glory and delight:
There Fortune yeelded him her full consent,
To winne the best of euery valiant Knight:
Of all the worthy men that did resort, (Court.
Not one could match him in Duke *Reynerts*

Then

Then to the Duke of *Millaine* he repaires,
Whereby his worth he is admir'd of all:
And vnderstanding that some great affaires,
Twixt *Segwin* Duke of *Louaine* did befall,
And th' Emperour, *Millaine* he doth forsake,
And towards *Louaine* doth his journey take.

As he doth passe vpon the way, he meetes
A Pilgrim, that with trauaile seemed faint:
Who in all humane curtesie he greetes,
And with some newes intreats him to acquaint
His longing care: he with a sigh or two,
Said sir, with newes I little haue to doe.

One thing in all this world is all my care,
And onely that, and nothing else I minde:
I seeke a man, and seeke him in dispaire,
Because I long haue sought and cannot finde:
A man more dearely to my soules-loue tied,
Then all the men are in the world beside.

Why what art thou (quoth *Guy*) or who is he?
Of kindnes be so kinde as tell in briefe?
I am an Englishman of knights degree,
(Quoth *Herand*) and the subiect of my griefe,
Is losse of one sir *Guy*, my Countrey-man:
Guy with joyes teares lights to imbrace him than.

And art thou liuing *Herauld* my deere friend,
(Quoth he) and kindly tooke him in his armes?
Then chearfully let sorrowes all take end,
And let me know who cur'd thee of thy harmes?
The good olde Hermit by his skill did saue me,
With wholsome medicines, and salues he gaue me.

Guy did reioyce, and *Heraulds* joyes abound,
At this so good and happy accident:
No angry starre in opposition fround,
But each was owner of his owne content.
So poasting with good fortune on their side,
vnto the Duke of *Louaine* they doe ride.

The Cittie in distresse besieg'd they finde,
And very small resistance could be made:
But *Segwin* was right joyfull in his minde,
That worthy *Guy* was come vnto his ayde.
For now (quoth he) boldely presume I can,
We haue an honourable valiant man.

Aduise me warlike Knight, what's to be done,
To free the present danger we are in?
My Lord (quoth *Guy*) ther's freedome to be won,
Euen by a course my selfe will first begin:
Let's issue forth vpon them presently,
Our courages will make the cowards flye.

Ile

Ile giue consent to any thing thou wilt,
Thy proiect willingly I doe approue:
Let limbe be left, let life and blood be spilt,
All followes thee, that comes to me in loue.
Open the gates, lets beate them from our walles:
„ He lyes no lower then the ground that falles.

Then suddainely the Citty they forsake,
And on the *Almaines* resolutely set;
Where such a bloudy slaughter they did make,
That many thousands liues paid death his dept.
Of thirty thousand that in fiedge there lay,
Scarce thirtie hundred that escap'd away.

The Emperour at this was much agrieu'd
And with new forces gaue a new assault:
Knowing the Citty could not be releeu'd,
And then their strength would weaken by default:
So comes vpon them with a fresh supply,
Thinking at length to famish them thereby.

Guy and the Duke vpon the walles appeare,
And tels him he shall neuer winne the towne:
For they can spare his Soldiers much good cheare,
Throwing them victuals in abundance downe.
Intreating them if they want more then that,
To speake, they shall haue store to make them fat.

But

But now (quoth *Guy*) your bodies are well fed,
How doe you feele your ſtomackes to goe fight?
I am afraid you are not rightly bred,
But dunghils that will ſooner crow then bite:
For ſtill when Cowards doe begin a fray,
Looke ere it ends to ſee them runne away.

And ſo your ſelues haue lately done we ſee,
Your tongues were heard, but hands ther's no man (feeles,
Moſt hot to brabble and contend you be,
But wondrous quicke and nimble at your heeles:
We did ſuſpect when you came here to forage,
We ſhould haue bin encũbred with your courage.

But 'tis not ſo, alas y'are not the men,
Vnleſſe perhaps aſleepe you ſhould vs catch:
For waking weele encounter one for ten,
And neuer wiſh to haue a better match.
Haue at you once againe, ſit faſt, we come, (drum.
March on my hearts, ſound trumpets, ſtrike vp

Vpon the ſuddaine, with the foe they be,
Fighting as men that laugh'd pale death to ſcorne:
Reſolued now they would their Citty free,
Or neuer liue to ſee the next day morne.
Much blood was ſhed, great ſtore of liues it coſt,
And on the *Almaines* ſide the field was loſt.

The

The Duke and *Guy* perſue their foes in chaſe,
Who like ſo many Hares away doe flye;
Wiſhing that they had wings to mend their pace,
So ſweete is life to them that feare to dye:
But Fortune in an angry doome decreed,
Their glory, honour, fame, and life ſhould bleed.

The victors to the Citty then retired,
With Trophes of tryumphant glory wonne:
And all that heard the action, much admired
The great exploit, ſo reſolutely done:
But vnto *Guy*, the Duke all thanks did yeeld,
For thou (quoth he) art *Caeſar* of our field.

My Lord (quoth *Guy*) I joy not halfe ſo much,
That we haue wrought a freedome by the ſword,
As I ſhould glory, if my hap were ſuch,
'Twixt you and th Emperour to make accord,
Giue me but leaue, I will endeuour it,
And put good-will to a blunt Souldiers wit.

The Duke conſents with thanks, and doth intreat
Him, take a guard of Souldiers forth the towne;
Danger that ſeemes but little, may proue great;
I would not haue thee wrong'd for *Reyners* Crown.
Goe honourable man, what thou ſhalt doe,
Ile ſet my hand, my heart, my life thereto.

Guy goes vnto the Emperour, ſpeakes thus:
High Majeſty, all health vnto thy grace,
And peace to thee, if thou ſay peace to vs;
And loue to thee, if loue thou wilt imbrace:
As we are Chriſtians, let vs warre no more,
But fight 'gainſt ſuch as will not God adore.

We ſue not to thee in a ſeruile manner,
As dreading any power or force thou haſt;
For victory doth now diſplay his banner
And warre yeelds vs a ſweete and pleaſant taſt:
No cauſe doth moue it, but a Conſcience cauſe,
To bring the Heathens to religious lawes.

Speake *Reynere*, and reſolue, what wilt thou doe?
With Souldiers breuity my meſſage ends;
Giue me an anſwer euen as briefe thereto:
Shall we be Chriſtian foes, or Chriſtian freinds?
Shall we among our ſelues that name deuide?
Or challenge thoſe that haue the ſame denide?

Braue English-man, hadſt thou ſpoke thus before,
Thouſands (qd. he) had liu'd, which now are ſlaine:
Earth ſhould haue wanted of that ſlaughtered ſtore
Which in her vaſty bowels now remaine.
Thou haſt preuail'd with me, here war ſhall ceaſe;
And I imbrace thee as a friend of peace.

Thy

Thy motion tends to honour, honours Knight,
And thou ſhalt liue in fames immortall praiſe:
When thou art buried in eternall night,
Thy name ſhall laſt the longeſt length of daies.
Thou doſt the Worthies of the world exceed.
Bleſt be thy Countrey did thy perſon breed.

Come goe my Liege (quoth *Guy*) vnto the Towne,
And with Duke *Seguin* there a league renue:
Our ends ſhall be, to pull the Pagans downe,
That vnto Chriſts Religion are vntrue.
My greateſt joy will be, to heare it ſaid,
This is the beſt daies worke that ere *Guy* made.

Guy with a thouſand choſen men
Againſt the Pagans goes: (felt
And makes them curſe that e're they
the force of Chriſtian blowes.

Canto. 6.

THe power of peace hath vanquiſh't ſtubborne war,
And mighty princes worthily conclude,
The ſword ſhall ruſt in ſheath before it jarre,
To be with blood of innocents imbrew'd:
Chriſtians in name and action to vnite,
'Gainſt vnbeleeuing Infidels to fight.

Guy with a thouſand men doth take his leaue,
To hearken further after martiall newes,
And doth a true intelligence receiue,
That barbrous Pagans, Sarazens and Iewes,
Turkes and the like, of *Mahomets* blinde crew,
In moſt confuſed warre each other ſlew.

To them he goes, partiall on neither part.
(His ſword did fauour euery ſide alike)
They all were odious to him in his heart,
Which arm'd his hand with vigor for to ſtrike,
And worke amazement vnto their contending,
Comming ſo roughly to their quarrels ending!

(Qd. they amongſt themſelues) what fellow's this)
That layes about him like a mad man thus?
Of certainty, more then a man he is;
For humane force would feare to fight with vs:
But if he be as ſeemeth by his ſhape,
Had he ten thouſand liues he ſhould not ſcape.

Then did a haughty Pagan ſteppe to *Guy*,
And ſaid to him, if valour in thee reſt,
Let's haue a little ſport 'twixt thee and I,
Onely to ſee which of our ſwords cut beſt:
Thou haſt a Weapon there, is like a reede,
Me thinkes it is too blunt to make one bleede.

Too

Too blunt (quoth *Guy*) and in his anger groanes:
Pagan, I like thy humour passing well;
Ile whet it e're we part, vpon thy bones;
And then another tale thou wilt me tell:
If it should faile me now, it were a wonder,
Such Lubbers it hath often hew'd in sunder.

But come, art ready? bid thy friends adew,
And say thy praiers vnto thy Pagan Gods;
For I doe meane to vse thee like a Iew,
Because with Christians thou dost liue at ods:
Looke that thy head be set on sure and fast,
Or mortall man, I'le proue thee but a blast.

Then did they lend each other lusty knockes,
That sparkes of fier from their Helmets flye:
The partiall multitude about them flockes,
Expecting all the end and death of *Guy*:
For *Coldran* whom he fought withall, was strong,
And had beene Champion to the Pagans long.

At length *Guy* lent him such a speeding blow,
That downe comes *Coldran* and his strength to ground:
Pagan (qd. he) is my sword sharpe or no? (found?
With which euen now so blunt a fault you
Rise quicke, for if thy legs thou canst not feele,
Off goes thy head, as true as this is steele.

Forthwith he made him ſhorter by the head;
And that vnto the Emperour he ſent:
The Infidels grew all aſtoniſhed;
For they in *Coldran* were ſo confident,
They durſt haue ventur'd goods, & life, and limbe,
On any combat that was fought by him.

Then *Heraud* (to giue *Guy* ſome breathing ſpace)
Challeng'd a Pagan called *Elmadant*;
And dar'd him, and defi'd him to his face:
(For valiant *Heraud* did no courage want)
The Pagan ſomewhat hot, with fury fild,
Did combat, being quickly cool'd and kild.

Preſently *Guy* vnto another comes,
Call'd *Morgadour*, and ſoundly with his blade
Layes on him, and his ſences ſo benummes,
He tumbles head-long like a tyred lade. (downe,
The Pagans ſeeing their Champions thus goe
Forſooke the Field, retrying to the towne.

Where a moſt bloudy tyrant bare the ſway,
Who hearing what had hapned; full of ire,
Went armed to the tent whereas *Guy* lay,
And did a combat at his hands require:
Villaine (quoth he) whom like a dog I ſcorne,
Ile make thee curſe the time that thou waſt borne.

Know

Know Runagate, I come to fetch thy head,
For to a Lady I haue promis'd it:
My Curres ſhall with thy Engliſh fleſh be fed,
They muſt deuoure thy body cu'ry bit:
Come, I haue vow'd by *Mahomet* thou dy'ſt,
Thou canſt not ſcape by truſting in thy Chriſt.

And haſt thou giuen away my head (quoth he)
Vnto a Lady? 'tis a braue intent:
An honeſt man will his words maſter be;
And neuer promiſe more then he hath meant.
Come on thy wayes, and take it quickly off,
Or elſe the Lady will ſuppoſe you ſcoffe.

With proud diſdaine together then they ruſh,
Laying it on as faſt as both could driue:
But *Eskeldart*, *Guyes* ſword did ſo becruſh,
That for his head he durſt no longer ſtriue:
But on the ſuddaine for to ſaue his owne;
Put's ſpur's to horſe, and in all poſt is gone.

Guy then returnes to *Heraud*, and declares
What a bolde fellow came to fetch his head:
Who ſmiling at it, merrily prepares,
To tell of his aduentures, how he ſped,
With a falſe Coward called *Adelart*,
That wounded him with an enuenom'd dart.

And being hurt most dangerously so,
Was intercepted e're he could retire,
By *Estellard*, a proud insulting foe;
Compos'd of cruelty and dimilish ire.
But (quoth sir *Herand*) e're our fray was done,
I made them wish it ne're had beene begun.

For *Addellart* I wounded in the side,
And *Estellard* I curtail'd by the knees:
Then left them lying, death to be their Guide;
Vnto the jaile where wormes doe claime their fees.
So when these two were seene to fall downe dead,
All th'other Pagans with amazement fled.

Why then (qnoth *Guy*) all's quiet, I perceiue
These Miscreants like vnto Foxes flye.
But gentle *Herand*, e're we take our leaue,
One Combat more I am resolu'd to trye:
The Generall of this accursed rout,
Shall be the man I meane to Single out.

They tearme him mighty Souldan: Friend I long
To make a proofe if he deserue the name;
I am in doubt they doe him mighty wrong,
If might be wanting to auouch the same:
Titles of worth become base Cwaords ill,
Ile trye what's in him, hap what euer will.

Nay

Nay *Heraud* leaue me, preethee doe forbeare,
I will be ſpeedy; tarry in this Wood:
Goe to yon graſſie banke, repoſe thee there,
And with this Balſome, ſtay thoſe drops of blood,
Ere *Phœbus* in the Occident decline,
Death ſhall conclude the *Souldans* life or mine.

Said *Heraud*, ſince thou wilt not let me goe,
But doſt appoint this bed of Earth to beare me;
Till thou returne I will conuerſe with woe,
And will not ſuffer any Birde ſing neare me.
With longing eyes, and carefull liſt'ning eares,
Ile ſpend thy abſent time in praiers and teares.

Guy Poaſts with ſpeed, and doth the *Souldan* finde,
And thus he ſpeakes: *Art thou that man of might,*
Surnamed ſo by Tongues, and peoples winde?
Heere is a Chriſtian *come to dare thee fight:*
Both Mahomet *and thee I doe defie,*
And heer's a Sword I will maintaine it by.

The *Souldan* with a ſtaring looke, replies:
Thou Chriſtian *Slaue, Ile chaſtiſe thee with Steele:*
Thou art an odious Creature in mine eyes,
And thy preſumption ſhall my Fury feele.
With that at *Guy* he ranne with all his force:
Their Lances brake, and each forſooke his Horſe.

Then by the Sword the victor must preuaile,
Which manly force makes deadly wounds withall,
Cutting through armour, mangling shirts of Male,
That at the last, downe did the *Souldan* fall:
Sending blasphemous Curses to the sky,
And casting handfuls of his blood at *Guy*.

Who presently tooke Horse, and then retir'd
To *Heraud*, whom he found in slumber layde,
Rise friend (quoth he) the time is now expir'd,
An end with mighty *Souldan* I haue made.
With that he rose with joy, and loues imbrace,
And forth they trauaile to another place.

Guy takes a Princely Lyons part,
And doth a Dragon kill;
Then frees faire *Offida* from mishaps,
That else had fated ill.

Canto. 7.

PAssing the Deserts now, where shady trees,
Embrac'd each other in their green-leau'd arms.
Where Lady Ecchoes dwelling best agrees,
And little Birds sing fearlesse of their harmes:
They chan'st to finde a pleasant siluer Spring,
Which water to them was welcome thing. I

His Lady sends him forth againe,
Whose will hee doth obay:
And manfully a Dragon kils,
To part a cruell Fray.

There with the Chriſtall ſtreames they coole their heat,
And ſlake the thirſt they had endured long,
There did they make the hearbs and roots their meat,
To ſatisfie for Natures hungry wrong;
But on the ſuddaine at a noyſe they wonder,
A Lyon roar'd as if great *Ioue* did thunder.

Heraud (quoth *Guy*) to Horſe, let's be prepar'd
And leaue our Dinner till another day:
Heere is a ſound I neuer was ſo ſcar'd,
Ile ſeeke it out, it comes from yonder way,
Some Monſter or ſome Deuill makes a noyſe,
For on my life it is no humane voyce.

So forth he rides, and vnderneath a hill,
He findes a Dragon, with a Lyon met:
Braue ſport (ſaid he) I pra'y fight out your fill,
And then vpon the ſtrongeſt I will ſet:
Which of the twaine that firſt aſide doth ſtart,
I am a friend that will maintaine his part.

The Dragon windes his crooked knotted tayle,
About the Lions Legs, to caſt him ſo,
The Lyon faſtens on his rugged ſcale,
And nimbly doth auoid that ouerthrow.
Then tooth and nayle, they cruell teare and bite:
Maintaining long, a fierce and bloody fight.

At last, the Lyon faintly turnes aside,
And lookes about, as if he would be gone:
Nay then (quoth *Guy*) Dragon haue at your hide,
Defend your Deuils face, he lay it on.
With that couragiously to worke he goes,
And deales the Dragon very manly blowes.

The vgly Beast (with saggie winges displayd)
Comes at him mainely, with most dreadfull pawes
Whose very lookes might make a man astayd,
So terrible seemed his deuouring jawes,
Wide gaping, grisly, like the mouth of Hell;
More horrible then Pen or Tongue can tell.

His blazing eyes did burne like liuing fire,
And forth his smoaking gorge came sulpher smoke
A loft his speckled brest he lifted hyer
Then *Guy* could reach at length of weapons stroke.
Thus in most irefull moode himselfe he bore,
And gaue a cry, as Seas are wont to rore.

With that his mortall sting he stretched out,
Exceeding farre the sharpest point of Steele:
Then turnes and windes his scaly taile about
The Horses legs, more nimbly then an Eele:
With that, *Guy* hewes vpon him with his blade,
And three mens strength to euery stroke he layde.

One fatall blow he gaue him in the ſide,
From whence did iſſue ſtreames of ſwarty blood,
The ſword had made a paſſage large and wide,
That deepe into the Monſters gore *Guy* ſtood:
Then with a ſecond wound he ouertooke him,
which made the Dragon turn, to haue forſook him.

Nay then (quoth he) thou haſt not long to liue,
I ſee thou faintеſt at the point to fall,
Then ſuch a ſtroake of death he did him giue,
That downe comes Dragon, crying out withall,
So horrible, the ſound did more affright
The Conquerour, then all the dreadfull fight.

Away he rides, and lets that Hell-hound lye,
But looking backe, eſpies behind his Horſe
The Lyon comming after, very nye,
Which makes him light, to manage manly force:
But when the Beaſt beheld his Weapon drawne,
He came to him, and like a Dog did fawne.

Like to that gratefull Lyon which did free
Androdus life, for pulling out a thorne,
When for offence he ſhould by Lawes decree
Within the Theater by Beaſts be torne,
The Lyon came and lick'd him very kinde,
Bearing (as ſeem'd) an olde good turne in minde.

Euen so this gentle creature deales with him,
For that same benefit which he had done:
Although by Nature cruell, fierce and grim,
Yet like a Spaniell by his Horse did runne.
Continuing many dayes, with great desire,
Till extreame hunger forced him retire.

Now towards the Sea, *Guy* doth his Journey take,
Imbarkques for *France*: but by contrary winde
Arriues in *Almaine*, where the Nobles make
Great triumph for him, and with ioyfull minde,
The Emperour reioyceth he is come,
And bids him welcome into Christendome.

There he is entertain'd with Turnament,
With Kingly banquets, Princely reuelling:
And multitudes to giue their eyes content,
Attend him with their throngs, still wondering,
At all his worthy acts Report had spred,
Wherewith their eares most strangely haue bin fed

From thence he trauailes toward his louing friend,
The Duke of *Louaine*, whom he long'd to see:
But ere he came vnto his iournyes end,
A wronged Lady he did worthy free:
Which violently was from her Loue bereft,
And he at point of death, sore wounded left.

Thus

Thus it befell, *Terry* a valiant Earle,
With his deare Loue, fornam'd *Ofile* the faire,
(His precious Iemme, ineſtimable pearle)
Into a Forreſt went to take the ayre:
Whereas a plot was layde to take his life,
And make his beautious Loue, anothers wife.

Vpon the ſuddaine ſixteene villaines came
Vnto the Earle, and did him grieuous wound:
Sirra (quoth one) thou haſt a wench we claime,
She muſt with vs, lye thou there on the ground,
And the next Paſſenger that thou doeſt ſee,
Intreat him make a Graue, to bury thee.

Guy finding *Terry* thus, hearing his plaint,
Doth comfort him in kindeſt ſort he can:
Who with the loſſe of blood doth weakely faint,
With force of deadly colour, pale and wan,
Courage (quoth he) Ile fetch thy Loue againe,
Or ſay that *Guy* is but a Coward ſwaine.

When *Terry* heard that name, he did reuiue,
For vnto him, *Guyes* worthy deedes were knowne,
And lifting vp himſelfe from ground, did ſtriue
For to Imbrace him in deepe paſſions groane,
Thankes gracious heauens (qd. he) with ſoule and heart
For ſending thee to take my wronged part.

Which

Which is the way (quoth he) thoſe Vilaines went?
That pathe ſaid wofull *Terry* by yon Oke:
Haue after them, this deed they ſhall repent,
As I am Chriſtian Knight: and as he ſpoke,
He heard a ſhrike, which was the Ladyes cry,
So by that ſound, he did them ſonne deſcry.

Comming vnto them wretched ſlaues (quoth he)
What doe you purpoſe with this Lady heere?
Inlarge her preſently, and ſet her free,
You haue done wronges, that will be rated deere.
Her Husband wounded, ſhe vſde violent,
Will coſt you liues a peece incontinent.

With that they laugh'd, and ſaid what foole's this
Or rather mad man in his deſp'rate minde, (ſame,
That meanes by wilfull Death, to get a name,
And haue the world report he hath bin kinde?
The fellow ſure is in ſome franticke fit,
And meanes to fight, without both feare or wit.

Like ſo (quoth he) the fit that's on me now,
You all ſhall finde to be a raging one:
With that he ſhowes them *Mars* his angry brow,
And bids the Lady ceaſe her penſiue mone,
Saying good Madam vnto ioy incline:
For ſodainly theſe Raſcals will be mine.

Then with a courage admirable bolde,
At euery blowe ſome one or other dyes:
Which when the gentle Lady did beholde,
Oh ſhew ſome pitty, worthy Knight ſhe cryes:
Theſe mortall wounds I can no longer ſee,
Be not ſo bloody in reuenging me.

Vpon my knees I doe entreate thee ſtay,
This is to me a terrifying ſight:
Oh, with their liues thou takeſt mine away,
If one dyé more, I fainting yeeld my ſprite.
Thou worthily mine honour haſt defended,
Let the reuenging of my wrongs be ended.

Lady (quoth he) I ceaſe at your requeſt,
Depart baſe Raſcals, all but two be gon:
But Villaines you did binde her for the reſt,
And ſtroake them with his ſword (the ſcabard on)
That down to ground they fell, making this ſcuſe,
My Lord, we only kept her to thy vſe.

Then on his Steed, he lets the Lady ride,
To ſeeke her Lord, whom ſhe had left diſtreſt:
And *Guy* vnto the place became her guide,
Where cõming they did finde him, carefull dreſt:
For in their abſence came a Hermit by,
Which to his bleeding wounds did ſalue apply.

Terry

Terry and *Osile*, in their ioyes abound,
And gratefully to *Guy* all thankes doe giue:
Be thou (said they) in Life and Death renown'd,
Whom we will honour while we breathing liue.
Holde heer's my hand (quoth *Terry*) worthy *Guy*,
In fight for thee I would be proud to dye.

Guy takes Earle *Terryes* Fathers part,
And kils the Duke his Foe:
Destroyes a cruell sauage Bore,
Preuenting dangers so.

Canto, 8.

NOw *Titans* Horses, with his fiery Carre,
Had brought the day to darknes in the west:
And *Vesper*, that same siluer shining Starre,
Which doth adorne the Sky at Euening best,
Appear'd as bright as *Cynthia* in her Sphære,
To welcome sable Nights approaching neare.

When *Terry*, *Guy*, and *Osile*, wanting guide,
Did stray about the vnfrequented Wood,
Hearing the saluage noyse on eu'ry side,
Of Beasts that thirsted after humane blood,
As Bores, and Beares, and Lyons, and the like:
Which to their hearts did some amazement strike,

On euery ſide they caſt a heedfull eye,
Still doubting on the ſodaine ſome ſurprize:
At length two armed men they did eſpy,
That alſo liſten to thoſe fearefull cryes.
Each had his ſword in hand, being ready drawne,
Knowing that place, did yeeld no Dogges would (fawne
Comming more neere, Sir *Herand* was the one,
The other euen as dearely *Terryes* friend; (knowne
Who with imbracements made their gladneſſe
And then the Earle demanded to what end
His louing Couſen paſs'd the deſert ſo?
My Lord (quoth he) to bring thee newes of woe.

Thy noble Father is beſieged now,
In his ſtrong Caſtle, by Duke *Ottons* power:
Who hath proteſted by a ſolemne vow,
About his eares, he will pull downe the tower,
In a reuenge that thou his Loue haſt got:
He ſweares thy Fathers life eſcapeth not.

His Loue (quoth *Terry*) pree thee *Oſile* ſpeake,
Acquaint thisworthy man with thy ſoules thought
Haue I procur'd thee any Faith to breake?
Or bin the inſtigater vnto ought
That is vniuſt in righteous Heauens ſight?
'Neuer (quoth *Oſile*) thou haſt bin vpright.

That

That wretched man, would force my Loue away,
In clayming that, I ne're intend to giue:
I will be thine vntill my dying day,
Thou ſhalt inioy me, all the houres I liue,
And when I alter this determination,
Let Gods, and men, holde me in deteſtation.

Well ſpoke (ſaid *Guy*) Lady be conſtant euer,
And honours blemiſh then, thou needſt not doubt,
Keepe Loues foundation firme, alter it neuer,
It is for Loue, I raunge the world about,
And doe expoſe my life, to mortall danger,
In this exiled ſtate, an vnknowne ſtranger.

But *Terry*, wherefore are thy lookes ſo ſad,
That haſt thy Loue in perſon to imbrace?
As farre as *England* mine is to be had,
And many yeares I haue not ſeene her face,
It were enough to bring my hopes to end,
But that my patience is a truſty friend.

My Lord (ſaid *Terry*) know you not my griefe?
And heard this Meſſenger relate the cauſe?
Oh my diſtreſſed Father wants reliefe,
I were a rebell vnto Natures lawes,
Not to condole with him in his extreame,
Making his troubles my true ſorrowes Theame.

If that be all (quoth he) thou art to blame,
There is no cauſe to ſpend a ſigh thereon :
Ile terifie Duke *Otton* with my Name,
Let him but heare I come, and he'le be gon :
Something betweene vs may not be forgot,
He felt my Sword in *France*, but lik't it not.

Since that, againſt my life a plot he layde,
By Villaines that ſurpriz'd me in a Wood,
But treachery with vengeance was repayde,
Who euer knew a Traytors end proue good?
Accurſed Haps attend them euermore,
In braſen Bull, *Perillus* firſt did rore.

I will goe with thee to defend thy Father,
(For the oppreſſed I haue vow'd to right)
And reaſon moues me to it, ſo much rather,
Mine owne abuſes therewith to requite,
This oportunity weele not omit,
In that occaſion falleth out ſo fit.

Lets haſten on with ſpeed vnto the place,
Preuenting miſchiefe ere too farre it runne,
Take holde of Time before he turnes his face,
Good proueth beſt when it is ſooneſt done.
Goe like *Eneas* with a filiall ioy,
To fetch thine olde *Anchiſes* out of *Troy*.

Cou-

Couragious Knight (quoth *Terry*) thy bolde hart,
Cannot be daunted I perceiue with feare:
Compos'd of *Mars* his element thou art,
Of powerfull limbes to manage ſword and ſpeare:
My melancholly thou haſt baniſh'd hence,
And with ſtrong hope arm'd me in recompence.

Now all in Poſt they ſpeed themſelues away,
And in ſhort time vnto the Caſtle come;
Whereas Duke *Otton* with his forces lay,
Relying on his Souldiers ample ſomme:
But when the Captaines of *Guyes* comming knew,
They fled by night, and neuer bad adew.

This was diſcouragement to all the reſt,
To ſee their Leaders thus giue ground and flye:
Yet did the Duke moſt reſolute proteſt,
If each man in the Caſtle were a *Guy*,
He would not leaue it baſely, and retire:
Though life be deare, yet honours place is hyer.

Terry (ſaid *Guy*) we muſt not tedious bee,
Experience often hath my Tutor bin:
And taught, that when aduantage I doe ſee,
To faſten on occaſion, and begin,
The Enemie by feare, himſelfe ſubdues,
Adde force to that, and victorie enſues.

We will not make our Priſon of this place,
As long as there is Field roome to be got:
Tis my deſire to meete the Dukes good grace,
And combat him, becauſe he loues me not,
If that you will not leaue this houſe of ſtone,
Ile leaue you all and goe my ſelfe alone.

And with theſe words *Herauld* and he depart,
Which when the Caſtle-ſoldiers did perceiue,
They gaue a ſhowt, our Generall thou art,
Thy Honourable ſteps we will not leaue,
We are reſolued to attend thee ſtill:
Let Fortune vſe vs, euen as Fortune will.

And thus moſt valiant they doe march along,
Giuing the onſet, feareleſſe to their foe,
Making thoſe multitudes that ſeem'd ſo ſtrong,
Retire themſelues, with ſlaughtered ouerthrow.
But when the Duke perceiu'd his Soldiers flye:
Periſh (quoth he) baſe villaines, here Ile dye.

Where is this *Engliſh-man* that haunts my ghoſt,
And thus purſueth me from place to place?
I challenge him to come and leaue the Hoſt,
And meete with reſolution, face to face.
Let equall enuy make this equall match,
All controuerſies we will ſoone diſpatch.

Agreed

Agreed (quoth *Guy*) proude Foe I yeeld consent,
Repent thy wrongs, & make thy conscience cleare,
For thou hast liu'd to see thy honour spent,
Which worthy men of all things hold most dear.
The noble minded censure him with shame,
That liues to see the Death of his good name.

Then toward each other they did mainly make,
And brake their Launces very violent:
Which being done, their swords in hand they take
Fighting vntill great store of blood was spent.
For Enuy did the Dukes keene weapon whet,
And on *Guys* sword, Reuenge an edge did set.
At length through losse of blood the Duke fell (downe,
And said, Now fond felicity farwell,
I am betray'd by Fortunes angry frowne,
And this experience to the world doth tell,
There's nothing constant that the earth containes,
Death deals with Monarchs, as with simple Swains

Bewitching Vanities, seducing blinde vs,
Greatnes hath great accounts thereon depending,
As Death doth leaue vs, so shall Iudgmẽt finde vs,
There is no peace vnto a happy ending:
My dying houre, yeelds more repentant Grace,
Then in my Life I euer could imbrace.

Th'mortall ſoule doth with theſe words depart,
And leaues the breathleſſe Body did containe it:
While wofull paſſions doe afflict *Guyes* heart,
Now wiſhing to himſelfe he had not ſlaine it,
For true Humanity, compaſſion ſhowes
To ſee Afflictions ouer-burthen Woes.

Guy ſheath'd his ſword, and ſaid, remain thou there
Vntill I doe arriue on *Englands* ſhore:
No further quarrell to the World I beare,
For Loue of *Phelice* I will bleed no more:
From her I haue bin too too long away,
And will returne to challenge Souldiers pay.

So thence he rode to finde ſir *Herauds* out:
Making his Iourney through a Deſart place,
Which was obſcure, enuiron'd round about
With ſhady Trees, that hid bright *Phœbus* face:
Where ſuddainely he met the hugeſt Bore,
That euer mortall eye beheld before.

The Beaſt came at him moſt exceeding fell,
Which he preuenting, ſtands vpon his guard,
And doth auoyde thoſe dreadfull Tuskes right well,
Laying vpon the Swininſh head ſo hard,
That dead he left him who had many ſlaine,
For forth that Wood, no man came backe againe.

When

When this was done, *Heraud* he ouertakes,
And tels him what a Christmas Brawne he slew,
Then with his purpose him acquainted makes,
Which was to bid all Forraigne parts adew,
And see the heauenly object of his heart:
Heraud consents, and they forthwith depart.

To *England* comes Victorious *Guy*,
And doth faire *Phelice* wed:
At *Yorke* presenting *Athelstone*,
A dreadfull Dragons head.

Canto. 9.

ASisted now by nimble winged Time,
Guy shapes his course for *England*, & doth leaue
The bolde aduentures of each Forraine climbe,
Loues iust Reward from *Phelice* to receiue.
As *Hercules* twelue Labours being past,
Found time for *Dianiraes* loue at last.

Heraud and *Guy* no sooner doe arriue,
But newes thereof vnto the King was brought,
Who heard of all before they did atchiue,
Which made him much desirous in his thought,
To see such Subiects, matchlesse men alone,
In honouring *England*, and King *Athelstone*.

To *Yorke* they goe, for there the King was then,
To whom they did moſt humble duty ſhow;
Welcome (quoth he) renowned Martiall men,
My Princely loue vpon you I beſtow:
Your fortunate ſucceſſe contentment breeds:
Fame came before, & brought vs home your deeds.

Guy, thou haſt layde a heauy hand we heare
Vpon the neckes of *Pagan* Infidels,
And ſent them home by fatall ſword and ſpeare,
To horrours vault, where vnbeleeuers dwels.
Deuouring Beaſts thou likewiſe haſt deſtroy'd
That humane Creatures, fearefull haue anoy'd.

Yet worthy man, I thinke thou ne're didſt ſlay,
Of all thoſe Monſters, terrible and wilde,
More cruell Creature then at this ſame day,
Deſtroyes what ere it meetes, man, woman, childe,
Cattell and all, which no man dare withſtand:
A dreadfull Dragon in *Northumberland*.

I ſpeake not this to animate thee on,
And hazard life at ſetting foote on ſhore,
For diuers to deſtroy this Beaſt haue gone,
But to their friends, neuer returned more:
No, I expreſſe how happy thou haſt bin,
To free like feares that other men were in.

Dread

Dread Lord (quoth *Guy*) as I am Engliſh Knight,
And faithfull vnto God, true to my King,
I will goe ſee if that ſame Beaſt dare bite,
For to your Grace his head I meane to bring.
I found his fellow with a Lyon fighting,
But made him leaue both ſcratching, & his biting.

And as I dealt with him, Ile deale with this,
Onely I doe beſeech your Royall grace,
Command me ſome direction where he is,
And to your Court Ile bring his vgly face,
Or your milde fauour neuer let me ſee:
Dragon or Deuill, whatſoe're he bee.

So taking humble leaue, away he rides,
Vnto *Northumberland*, to finde that Beaſt:
Hauing a dozen Knights which were his guides,
And brought him where the Dragon held his feaſt
Like *Canniball*, that feeds on fleſh of men:
Behold (quoth they to *Guy*) yon Caue's his Den.

It is enough ſaid he: doe you remaine,
And leaue me to goe finde out Hidra's head,
That neuer ſhall deuoure man againe,
Who with ſo many bodyes hath bin fed:
Heere Gentlemen if you will pleaſe to ſtay,
Sit on your Horſes and behold our fray.

Comming vnto the Caue, the Dragon ſpyes him,
Aud forth he ſtalkes with loftie ſpeckled breſt,
Of dreadfull forme: aſſoone as ere *Guy* eyes him,
His Launce he ſpeedy ſet into his reſt,
Then ſpurres to Horſe, and at the Dragon makes;
That bearing ground at the encounter ſhakes.

Then very lighly *Guy* returnes his Horſe,
And comes vpon him with redoubled might:
The Dragon meetes him with reſiſting force,
And like a Reede his Launce in two did bite.
Nay then (quoth *Guy*) if to ſuch bites you fall,
I haue a toole to picke your teeth withall.

Then drew his Sword (a keene and maſſie blade)
And fiercely ſtroke with furious blowes, ſo fell,
That many wide and bloody wounds he made,
Which cauſde the Dragon yawne, like mouth of hell
Roaring with a moſt fearfull hideous ſound,
And with his clawes all rent and tore the ground.

Impatient of the ſmart he did ſuſtaine,
He thought with wings to raiſe himſelfe aloft,
But with a ſtroake *Guy* brought him downe againe
And ply'd him with the edge of Steele ſo oft,
That downe he fell in durty blood beray'd,
And forth his wide deuouring Ouen bray'd.

A flake

A flake of fire ſeem'd to iſſue thence,
While *Guy* was hewing off his vgly Head,
Now Fiend (quoth he) thou haſt thy recompence,
For all the humane blood thy Iawes haue ſhed,
Vpon a part of this ſame broken Speare,
Thy filthy face vnto the King Ile beare.

The Knights with (ioy exceeding) take a view
Of that ſame fearefull Creature, ſtrange of ſhape:
Admiring at his vgly forme of hew,
With wonderment that mortall man could ſcape
Thoſe teeth & clawes, ſo dreadfull, ſharpe & long,
Compos'd by Nature in a Beaſt ſo ſtrong.

When they had fix'd the Head vpon a Speare,
And meaſur'd out the bodyes length direct:
Vnto the King at *Lincolne* they it beare,
Who *Guyes* returne with longing did expect.
God ſhield (quoth he) and ſaue me from all euill:
Heere is a face may well out-face the Deuill.

What ſtaring eyes of burning glaſſe be thoſe,
That might (aliue) to flaming Beacons ſeeme?
What ſcales of harneſſe arme that crooked Noſe,
And Teeth? none ſuch had *Cerberus* I deeme:
What yawning Mouth & forked Tongue is there,
That being Dead, may make the Liuing feare.

Vi&o-

Victorious Knight, thy Actions we admire,
And place thee highly in our Kingly loue,
Throughout the ſpacious Orbe by Fame aſpire,
More loftie then the ſupreme Spheare doth moue.
To the ſucceeding Ages of this Land,
I will remember thy Victorious hand.

Which ſhall be thus : the Monſters Picture,
On cloath of Arras artificiall well, (wrought
And vnto *Warwicke* we will haue it brought ;
There to remaine, and after ages tell,
That worthy *Guy*, a man of matchleſſe ſtrength,
Deſtroy'd a Dragon thirty foote in length.

And place his head heere on the Caſtle wall,
For memory, till yeares doe ruine it :
And Nobles make triumphant Feſtiuall,
Affoord our Knight all honour doth befit.
Troy's Hector's dead and can no more atchieue,
But *Englands Hector* ſtill remaines aliue.

By this Report (the onely Linguiſt liuing)
Had beene with *Phelice* for to make her glad :
Such fame and glory to her Louer giuing,
As neuer greater any Worthy had.
Tels all the deedes of wonder he hath done,
From the firſt action that his hand begun.

Phelice impatient of his wished sight,
Speeds towards *Lincolne*, like light *Salmacis*:
Where ioyfully she entertaines her Knight,
With *Iunoes* kinde imbrace, and *Venus* kisse.
Guy with requitall makes his gladnesse knowne:
And in his armes he now inioyes his owne.

Forgetfull Loue, and too too slow (quoth she)
I fear'd thou didst not minde thy deerest friend:
What, seeke a Dragon, ere thou looke for me,
And hazard life before thou come, or send
To know if I remaine in happy state?
Some jealous Woman would suppose twere hate.

But sure I doe not, though I speake my heart,
And wish I had bin first thou saw'st on shore:
Guy welcome to thy *Phelice* now thou art,
Thou neuer shalt goe forth a fighting more.
No, thou hast fought too much, thy lookes bewray
Sterne countenance, hath stolne thy smiles away.

But Loue will learne thee (loue) to change thy face,
And frame it, as at first when I did chuse it:
Thou hast almost forgotten to imbrace,
I like that well; it seemes thou didst not vse it
In Forraigne parts abroade, where thou hast bin,
But that lost lesson, thou must new begin.

I will (quoth he) deare Loue, and plye my Booke,
And kiſſe my Leſſon on thy Corall lip:
Tell me but onely when I am miſtooke,
In reading raſhly, if I ouer-skip,
Or be too negligent in taking paine,
Why turne me backe, to conne my geare againe.

But Lady, one exception I will make,
What line ſoeuer you doe put me to,
The Horne-booke of all other Ile forſake;
For willingly I would not haue to doe
With that Croſſe-rowe, croſſe vnto many, when
Women doe teach it vnto Married men.

Kinde Sir (quoth ſhe) content, Ile neuer chuſe it,
It fits two ſorts, a Curtezan, a Childe:
Once, as the latter, ſimply I did vſe it,
But for the other; rather, be beguilde
Then to deceiue, the ſecond Horn-booke's naught:
Teach it not me, and it ſhall ne're be taught.

Guy ſmil'd and ſaid, come let vs *Warwicke* ſee,
Of all the world the place that I loue beſt:
Becauſe it had the bringing vp of thee,
And there, firſt with thy Beauty I was bleſt,
I loue the Caſtle and the Garden-ground,
Where e'rſt thy *Venus*-face alone I found.

Let's

Let's haſten on to heare this Sacred voyce,
I Guy *take* Phelice *to my wedded wife*:
And thou repeate, *I likewiſe am thy choyſe,*
Till Death Depart vs, euen ſo long as Life,
And then the next will be, *God giue vs Ioy,*
And ſend thy Fathers Heyre, a gallant Boy.

The Marriage is ſolemnized,
But after forty dayes:
Guy Pennance Vowes, & Pilgrime like
From *England* goes his wayes.

Canto. 10.

THe happy Day (that Louers long expect)
Is now attain'd to giue deſire reſt:
And all the honours *Hymen* can effect,
He franke beſtowes to grace the wedding Feaſt.
For *Athelſtone* and his renowned Queene,
At this great Nuptiall in their pompe were ſeene.

The Nobles rich and coſtly in Attire,
With worthy Knights and Gentlemen beſide:
Ladyes of Honour (as their Loues require)
Attend vpon the beautious faire-fac'd Bride.
There wanted nothing (wit of man could finde)
To pleaſe the eye, or to content the minde.

Maskes, midnight-Reuels, Tilt and Turnament,
Acting of ancient Stories, ſtately ſhowes,
Banquets might giue great *Iupiter* content,
Where cuppes of *Nectar* plentious ouer-flowes,
Abundant all things, with a plentious hand.
As if a King himſelfe, ſhould feaſt a Land.

Soone after all theſe things were conſummate,
Earle *Rohand* (*Phelice* worthy Father) dyes:
And to his Sonne bequeaths the whole eſtate,
Of Earledomes, Lordſhips, all his Land is *Guyes*.
Who is created Earle of *Warwicke* then,
In Honours rancke, with *Englands* Noble-men.

But in the glory of his high applaud,
Enioying all that did partake delight,
When euery tongue his Fame & Fortunes laude,
Himſelfe conuerts his ſun-ſhine daies to night,
Bethinking what the world may iuſt be thought,
And deeming all but vaine that he had ſought.

Oft would he ſit and meditate alone,
In looking backe what ſteps his youth had trod:
Then to himſelfe with ſighes, and grieuous grone,
Cry pardon me, thou iuſt incenſed God:
I haue done nothing for to purchaſe Grace.
But ſpent my time about a Womans Face.

For

For Beauty, bloody through the world I ran,
In pride of heart preferring *Phelice* feature:
For Beauty I haue ended many a man,
Hating all other, for one mortall Creature.
For Beauty I haue pawnd my vtmoſt power,
But for my ſinnes not ſpent one weeping hower.

My *Nunquamſera* I will now begin,
And vowe to ſpend the remnant of my daies,
In contrite Pennance for my former ſinne,
That God may pardon all the erring waies,
Which fleſh and blood, vainely deceiued by,
Vnto the world I will goe learne to dye.

Let me be cenſur'd, euen as mortals pleaſe,
Ile pleaſe my God in all things may be done:
Ambitious pride hath bin my Youths diſeaſe,
Ile teach Age meeknes, ere my Glaſſe be runne,
And change my choyſe: wealth, beauty, world far-
To purchaſe heaue, I wold paſſe thorow hell. (wel:

Phelice perceiues this melancholly ſtate,
And comming to him, doth moſt mildely woo:
My Lord (quoth ſhe) why are you chang'd of late?
As I ſhare ioy, let me beare ſorrow too:
If I in ought haue mou'd you to offence,
I will with teares performe due recompence.

No my deare Loue quoth *Guy*) no cauſe in thee,
Tis, with my ſelfe I diſcontented ſtriue:
By light of Grace, my Natures faults I ſee,
That am as dead, although I ſeeme aliue.
Phelice, my ſinnes, my countleſſe ſinnes appeare:
Crying, *Repent thy guilty Conſcience cleere*.

I muſt deale with thee, as *Bauarus* delt
(A Prince of *Rome*) with *Sygunda* his Wife,
Who (from a deepe impreſſion he felt)
Vow'd Chaſtity perpetuall all his life.
Entreating thee (euen as thou lou'ſt my ſoule)
To pardon me, not vrging my controule.

Haſt thou not heard what *Ethelfrida* did
(A Chriſtian woman) ſometime *Englands* Queene?
Is *Edelthrudas* acte of Chaſte life hid,
A Princeſſe likewiſe rare and matchleſſe ſeene?
The firſt with Childe, no more of luſt would taſte:
The ſecond caus'd two Huſbands both liue chaſte.

And canſt not thou (the Phœnix of a Realme)
By immitation winne immortall praiſe?
Leauing thy vertues an admired Theame
To the ſucceeding Age, of Yron daies?
I know thou canſt, thy greater part's Diuine:
Where moſt is Carnall, will to fleſh incline.

Thou

Thou didſt procure (although I doe excuſe it)
My pride, by Conqueſts to attaine thy loue:
God gaue me Valour, I did vaine abuſe it,
My heart and thoughts, aſpired fat about
The Crowns and Sceptures of moſt potent Kings,
I held their Diadems inferiour things.

But now I gather in a Totall ſumme,
Such follies, and condemne them all to dye:
A man of other faſhion Ile become,
Some better Trauailes for my ſoule to trye,
Not as before, in Armour on my Steed:
But in a Gowne of gray, a Palmers Weed.

Obſcure my Iourney, for Ile take no leaue,
But onely haue my endleſſe Loue to thee:
Heere is my Ring, this memory receiue,
And weare the ſame, to make thee thinke on me.
Let me haue thine, which for thy ſake Ile keepe,
Till Death cloſe vp theſe eyes with his dead ſleepe.

Whē this was ſpoke, how ſhe did wring her hands,
With ſighes & teares, may well be deemed much:
Yet wondrous meekely, nothing countermands,
For the Deuotion of that Age was ſuch,
To holde them bleſſed, could themſelues retire,
To ſolitude, and leaue the Worlds deſire.

Now

Now is the Princely cloathing layde away,
Wherein he glitter'd like the glorious Sun,
And his best habite, homely Countrey gray,
Such as the poore plain people tearm home-spun.
A Staffe, a Scrip, a Scollop-shell in's hat,
Nor to be knowne, nor once admired at.

And thus with pensiue heart, and dolefull teares,
He leaues the faireſt Creature *England* had:
Who in her face a map of sorrow weares,
A countenance compos'd all mournfull, sad,
Like vnto one had banish'd all delight:
Wishing for slumbers of eternall night.

Guy iourneyes toward that Sanctified ground,
Whereas some times the *Iewes* faire Cittie stood,
In which our Sauiours sacred Head was crown'd,
And where for sinfull man he shed his Blood:
To see the Sepulcher, was his intent:
The Tombe that *Ioseph* vnto *Iesus* lent.

With tedious miles he tyr'd his weary feete,
And passed Defart places, full of Danger:
At last, with a most wofull wight did meete,
A man that vnto sorrow was no stranger.
For he had fifteene Sonnes made captiue all
To slauish bondage, in extreamest thrall.

A Gyant called *Amarant*, detayn'd them,
Whome, no man durſt encounter for his ſtrength,
Who in a Caſtle which he held had chain'd them,
Guy queſtioned where? and vnderſtands at length
The place not farre: lend me thy ſword (quoth he)
Ile lend my manhood, all thy Sonnes to free.

With that he goes and layes vpon the doore,
Like him that ſayes; *I muſt and will come in*:
The Gyant was neuer ſo rouz'd before,
For no ſuch knocking at his Gate had bin,
So takes his Club and Keyes, and commeth out:
Staring with irefull countenance about.

Sirra (quoth he) what buſines haſt thou here?
Art come to feaſt the Crows about theſe walls?
Diſt neuer here, no ramſome can him cleere,
That in the compaſſe of my fury falles?
For making me to take a Porters paines,
With this ſame Club I will daſh out thy braines.

Gyant (quoth *Guy*) y'are quarrelſome I ſee,
Choler and you ſeeme very neere of kin:
Dangerous at the Club belike you be,
I haue bin better arm'd, though now goe thin,
But ſhow thy vtmoſt hate, enlarge thy ſpight:
Here is the weapon that muſt doe me right.

A Gyant called Amarant,
Guy *valiantly deſtroyes:*
Whereby wrong'd Ladyes, captiue Knights,
Their libertie enioyes.

So drawes his ſword, ſalutes him with the ſame
About the head, the ſhoulders and the ſide:
While his erected Club did death proclaime,
Standing with huge *Coloſſus* ſpacious ſtride.
Putting ſuch vigor to his knotty beame,
That like a furnace, he did ſmoake extreame.

But on the ground he ſpent his ſtroakes in vaine,
For *Guy* was nimble to auoyde them ſtill:
And euer ere he heau'd his Club againe,
Did bruſh his plated Coate againſt his will:
At ſuch aduantage he would neuer faile,
To bang him ſoundly in his ſhirte of Mayle.

At length through thirſt, *Amarant* feeble grew,
And ſaid to *Guy*, as th'arro of humane race,
Showe it in this: giue Natures wants their dew;
Let me but goe and drinke in yonder place,
Thou canſt not yeeld vnto a ſmaller thing,
Then grant life that, is giuen by the ſpring.

I grant thee leaue (quoth *Guy*) goe drinke thy laſt,
To pledge the Dragon and the ſaluage Bore:
Succeed the Tragidies which they haue paſt;
But neuer thinke to taſte colde water more.
Drinke deepe to Death, and after that carouſe,
Bid him receiue thee in his earthen houſe.

So to the ſpring he goes and ſlakes his thirſt,
Taking the water in extreamely, like
A wracked ſhip that on ſome Rocke is burſt,
When forced bulke againſt the ſtones doe ſtrike,
Scooping it in ſo faſt with both his hands,
That *Guy* admiring to behold it, ſtands.

Come on (quoth he) let vs to worke againe,
Thou art about thy liquor ouer-long:
The fiſh that in the Riuer doe remaine,
Will want thereby, thy drinking doth them wrong,
But I will ſee their ſatisfaction made:
With Gyants blood, they muſt and ſhall be paide.

Villaine (quoth *Amarant*) Ile cruſh thee ſtraight:
Thy life ſhall pay thy daring tongues offence,
This Club (which is about ſome hundred weight)
Is Deaths commiſſion, to diſpatch thee hence.
Dreſſe thee for Rauens dyet I muſt needs:
And breake thy bones as they were made of reeds.

Incenſed much by theſe bolde Pagans boaſtes,
Which worthy *Guy* could ill indure to heare,
He hewes vpon thoſe big ſupporting poaſts,
That like two pillars did the body beare,
Amarant (for their wounds) in choller growes:
And deſp'ratly at *Guy* his Club hee throwes.

Which did directly on his body light,
So violent and weighty therewithall,
That down to ground on sodain came the Knight,
And ere he could recover from the fall,
The Gyant got the Club againe in's fist,
And stroake a stroake that wonderfully mist.

Trayter (quoth Guy) thy falshood dere repay,
This Coward acte, to intercept my blood:
Sayes *Amarant*, Ile murther any way,
With enemies all vantages are good:
Oh could I poyson in thy nostrils blowe,
Thou should be sure, I would dispatch thee so.

Tis well (said *Guy*) thy honest thoughts appeare,
Within that beastly bulke doe Deuils dwell:
Which are thy tenants while thou liuest here,
But will be Land-lords when thou com'st in hell.
Vile miscreant, prepare thee for their Den,
Inhumane monster, hatefull vnto men.

But breath thy selfe a time while I goe drinke,
For flaming *Phebus* with his fiery eye,
Torments me so with burning heat, I shrinke
My thirst would serue to drinke an Ocean dry,
Forbeare a little as I deale with thee,
Quoth *Amarant*, thou hast no foole of mee.

No silly wretch, my Father taught more wit,
How I should vse such enemies as thou:
By all my Gods I doo reioyce at it,
To vnderstand that thirst constraines thee bow,
For all the treasure that the World containes,
One drop of water shall not coole thy veines.

Relieue my foe? why twere a mad mans part,
Refresh an aduersary to my wrong?
If thou imagine this, a Childe thou art,
No fellow, I haue knowne the world too long
To be so simple; now I know thy want,
A minutes space of breathing He not grant.

And with these words, heauing aloft his Club
Into the ayre, he swings the same about:
Then shakes his lockes, and doth his temples rub,
And like the *Cyclops* in his pride did strout.
Sirra (said he) I haue at you a life:
You now are come vnto your latest shift.

Perish for euer with this stroake I send thee,
(A medicine will doe thy thirst much good)
Take no more care for drinke before I end thee
And then weele haue carouses of thy blood.
Heer's at thee with a Butchers downe right blowe,
To please my fury with thine ouerthrowe.

Infer-

Infernall, falſe, obdurate fiend (*Guy* ſaid)
That ſeem'ſt a lumpe of cruelty from hell:
Ingrateſull Monſter, ſince thou haſt denay'd
The thing to me wherein I vſde thee well:
With more reuenge then ere my ſword did make,
On thy accurſed head reuenge Ile take.

Thy Gyants longitude ſhall ſhorter ſhrinke,
Except thy ſun-ſcorcht skin be weapon proofe,
Farwell my thirſt, I doe diſdaine to drinke,
Streames keepe your water to your one behoofe;
Or let wilde Beaſts be welcome thereunto,
With thoſe pearle drops I will not haue to doe.

Hold tyrant, take a taſte of my good will,
For thus I doe begin my bloody bout:
You cannot chuſe but like the greeting ill,
It is not that ſame Club will beare you out.
And take this payment on thy ſhaggie crowne:
A blow that brought him with a vengeance down.

Then *Guy*, ſet foote vpon the monſters breſt,
And from his ſhoulders did his Head deuide:
Which with a yawning mouth did gape, vnbleſt,
No Dragons iawes were euer ſeene more wide,
To open and to ſhut, till life was ſpent:
So *Guy* tooke Keyes, and to the Caſtle went.

Where

Where many wofull Captiues hee did finde,
That had bin tyred with extremities:
Whom he in friendly manner did vnbinde,
And reason'd with them of their miseries:
Each told a tale with teares, and sighes, and cryes,
All weeping to him with complaining eyes.

There tender Ladyes, in darke dungeon lay,
That were surprized in the desart Wood:
And had no other dyet euery day,
Then flesh of humane Creatures for their food.
Some with their Louers bodyes had bin fed,
And in their wombes their Husbands buryed.

Now he bethinkes him of his comming there,
T'inlarge the wronged bretheren from their woes,
And as he searcheth, doth great clamours heare,
By which sad sounds direction, on he goes
Vntill he findes a darksome obscure Gate,
Arm'd strongly ouer, all with Yron plate.

That he vnlockes and enters, where appeares,
The strangest obiect that he euer saw;
Men that with famishment of many yeares, (draw,
Were like Death's picture, which the Painters
Diuers of them were hanged by each thumbe,
Others head downe-ward, by the middle some.

With

With diligence he takes them from the walles,
Where liberty their thraldome to acquaint:
Then(the perplexed Knight) their Father calles,
And sayes receiue thy Sõnes though poore & faint,
I promist you their liues,accept of that;
But did not warrant you they should be fat.

The Castle I doe giue thee, heer's the Keyes,
Where tyranny for many yeares did dwell:
Procure the gentle tender Ladyes ease,
For pitty sake, vse wronged Women well,
Men easily may reuenge the deeds men doe,
But poore weake women haue no strength thereto.

The good olde man euen ouer-ioy'd with this,
Fell on the ground and would hãue kist *Guyes* feete,
Father (quoth he) refraine so base a kisse,
For Age to honour Youth I holde vnmeete,
Ambitious pride hath hurt me all it can,
I goe to mortifie a sinfull man.

Guy on his Iourney doth proceed,
With painfull Pilgrim life:
While *Warwick* Countesse liues in
A Chaste and loyall Wife. (teares

Canto. II.

BEhold the man that fought Contentions out,
Whose recreation was in angry armes,
And for his *Venus* raung'd the world about,
To finde our dreadfull Combats, fierce allarmes,
From former disposition alienate:
Shuns all occasions may procure debate.

In his owne wrongs, by vow he will not strike,
Let iniury impose what strife can doe;
Abuses shall not force him to dislike,
For he hath now fram'd Nature thereinto,
And taken Patience by the hand for's guide,
To leade his thoughts where Meeknes doth abide.

No worldly ioy can giue his minde content,
Delights are gone, as they had neuer bin;
His onely care is how he may Repent
His spending Youth about the seruing sinne,
And fashion Age, to looke like contrite sorrow:
That little time to come, which life doth borrow.

His

His lookes were ſad, complexion pale and wan,
His dyet of the meaneſt, hard and ſpare:
His life he led, like a Religious man,
His habite, poore and homely, thin and bare.
His Dignities and Honours were forgot:
His *Warwicke* Earldome he regarded not.

Sometime he would goe ſearch into a Graue,
And there finde out a rotten Dead-mans Scull;
And with the ſame a conference would haue,
Examining each Vanity at full,
And then himſelfe would anſwer for the Head,
His owne obiections in the Dead-mans ſtead.

If thou haſt bin ſome Monarch, where's thy crown?
Or who in feare of thy ſterne lookes doe ſtand?
Death hath made conqueſt of my great renowne,
My golden Scepter in a fleſhly hand,
Is taken from me by another King,
And I in duſt am made a rotten thing.

Haſt thou bin ſome great Counſailer of State,
Whoſe potent wit did rule a mighty Realme?
Where is the pollicy thou hadſt of late?
Conſum'd and gone euen like an idle Dreame,
I haue not ſo much wit, as will ſuffice,
To kill the wormes that in my Coffin lyes.

Perhaps thou waſt ſome beauteous Ladyes face,
For whō right ſtrāge aduentures haue bin wrought
Euen ſuch, as (when it was my louing caſe)
For my deere kindeſt *Phelice* I haue fought.
Perhaps about this Scull there was a skin,
Fairer then *Hellens* was incloſed in.

And on this ſcalp, ſo wormy eaten bare,
(Where nothing now but bone we may behold)
Were Natures ornaments, ſuch lockes of Hayre
As might induce the eye to deeme them gold.
And chriſtall Eyne in theſe two hollow caues;
And here ſuch Lips, as Loue for kiſſing craues.

But where's the ſubſtance of this Beauty ſpent,
So louely, precious in the ſight of men?
With powerfull Death, vnto the duſt it went,
Grew loathſome, filthy, came to nothing then.
And what a Picture of it doth remaine:
To tell the wiſe all Beauty is but vaine.

Such memories he often would preferre,
Of mortall frailty, and the force of Death:
To teach the Fleſh how apt it is to erre,
And poſt repentance off till lateſt breath,
Thus would he in the worlds contempt reproue
All that ſeduc'd the ſoule from Heauenly loue.

Now

Now for a while reuerſe your view of woe,
For one ſad ſubiect, to behold another:
To ſee new ſorrow, backe to *England* goe,
And to long abſent yeares commit the other,
Leaue dolefull *Guy*, to aged griefe and cares:
And looke on *Phelice*, how his Lady fares.

Like to a Widdow, all in blacke attire,
She doth expreſſe her inward dolefull minde,
A Chamber-priſon is her chiefe deſire,
Where ſhe to paſſions wholy is inclin'd.
She that of late was pride of Engliſh Court,
With Maieſty no longer will conſort.

But liues a life, like one deſpiſde lifes being,
And euery day vnto the world did dye:
With iudgements eyes, farre into folly ſeeing,
And noting well how faſt falſe pleaſures flye.
Leauing for eu'ry taſte of vaine Delight,
A huger heape of Cares, then Pen can write.

Her thoughts ranne after her departed Lord,
And trauail'd in conceipt more faſt then he:
What place (quoth ſhe) can reſt to me afford,
That Pilgrim like, hath thus forſaken me?
Oh ſad laments! my ſoule your burthen beares,
To thinke deere *Guy*, remembers me in teares.

Me thinkes he ſits now by a Riuer ſide,
And ſwels the water with his weeping eyes:
Me thinkes that *Phelice*, *Phelice*, lowde he cry'd,
And charged Eccho beare it through the Skyes.
Then riſing vp, he runnes with might and maine,
Saying ſweete Eccho bring my Loue againe.

Then comes he to a *Cypreſſe* Tree, and ſayes
Syluanus, this was once the lonely Boy,
Whom thou for feature to the clouds didſt praiſe,
But heer's thy ſenceleſſe and transformed ioy.
Tis nothing now but boughes, and leaues, and tree;
And made to wither as all Beauties bee.

And then me thinkes he ſits him ſadly downe,
And on his bending knees his elboe ſtayes,
With head in hand, ſaying, farwell Renowne,
Vaniſh vaine pleaſures of my Youthfull daies.
My true Repentance doe you all diſplace,
A happy end, brings ſinfull ſoules to Grace.

Ah worthy man, that thus canſt mortifie
The rebell Fleſh, to conquer *Adams* Nature!
And for the gaining of Eternity,
Doſt liue on Earth, as if no earthly Creature:
Dead, and aliue; olde and new borne againe,
True valiant *George*, that hath the Deuill ſlaine.

As

As thy aduice was when thou didst depart,
That I should liue a Vestall Virgins life,
Although when I was Mayde (by louers arte)
Thou didst perswade me to become a Wife.
I vow by Heauens, and all the powers Diuine,
To keepe my thoughts, as constant, chaste as thine,

My Beauty I will blemish all I may,
With teares and sighes, & doleful lamentation:
By abstinence I will attaine the way
To ouercome the force of sinnes temptation.
This sentence I haue often read, and seene:
A Womans Chastity, is Vertues Queene.

Ceres and *Bacchus* I will carefull shun,
Foes to *Diana*, friends to *Venus* euer:
Vnto licentious life they teach to runne,
And with sobriety associate neuer.
Spare dyet shall become my dayly fare,
The soule thriues best to keepe the body bare.

The Courtly ornaments I wore of late,
In honour of King *Athelstone* faire Queene,
Euen all those Iewels, and those Robes of state,
Wherein so often I was glorious seene,
Shall with their price and value now supply
Those naked poore, that in the streetes doe lye.

The

The gold and ſiluer that I doe poſſeſſe,
About good workes, ſhall all imployed be:
The purchaſe of eternall happineſſe,
Is of all wealth moſt precious vnto me,
All that in want to *Warwicke* Caſtle come,
And craue reliefe; I will affoord them ſome.

For hault and lame, and blind, I will prouide
Some Hoſpitall, with Land to be maintained:
For Widowes, and poore Fatherleſſe beſide,
That their neceſſities may be ſuſtained.
For young beginners their eſtate to raiſe:
And for repayring of decay'd High-wayes.

This I account to be the Heauenly thrift,
Lay vp your treaſure where it cannot ruſt:
And giue the richeſſe, we receiue by guift,
As each good Steward is inioyn'd he muſt,
That after this ſhort ſtinted life's decay,
We may haue life and euerlaſting day.

Reiected world thus doe I take my leaue,
With thee and all things thou doſt moſt eſteeme:
Thy ſhowes are ſnares, and all thy hopes deceiue,
Thy goodneſſe is but onely good to ſeeme.
Of thy falſe pleaſures I as much haue ſeene,
As ſhe that beares the title of a Queene.

Oh

Oh that I were in such vnknowne disguise,
(Attending on my *Guy*, where ere he be)
As once the kinde *Sulpitia* did deuise,
Her *Lentulus* in banishment to see!
Or *Hipsicrate*-like in mans attire,
Following her exil'd King, through loues desire.

Twould something ease my sorrow-wounded heart,
So to deuide the burthen of vnrest:
For where affliction takes afflictions part
In hard extreames, some comfort is expresst.
Misery is more easie to abide,
When friend with friend their crosses doe deuide.

But all in vaine I wish, would God I were,
Or thus, or thus, it naught auailes my woe:
Though straying thoughts do wander here & there,
My poore weake body knowes not where to goe.
Vnto the Holy land I heard him say,
God send me thither at my dying day.

I will about my Vowes, and see them payde,
To doe the good that Charity requires.
When grace, to workes of vertue doe perswade,
Tis blessednesse to further such desires.
And while on earth I doe a sinner dwell,
Ile striue to please my God with liuing well.

In this reſolue, that life ſhe entertaines,
Performing all the courſe ſhe had propounded,
And ſuch ſeuerity therein explaines,
Her ſexe with wonder reſt amaz'd confounded,
To ſee ſo rare a Beauty, rich, high borne,
Holde all worlds pleaſure in contempt and ſcorne.

For no perſwading friend that ſhe would heare,
Which motion'd company or recreation,
Vnto their ſpeach ſhe would not lend an eare,
That ſought to alter her determination.
But ſuch as came and of compaſſion ſpake,
She did releiue, for bleſſed *Ieſus* ſake.

Her wandring Lord from Land to Land repaires,
To ſeeke out places Pilgrims doe frequent:
By carefull yeares, turn'd into ſiluer hayres,
Exceeding chang'd with griefe and languiſhment,
For ſorrow giues a man more ancient looke,
Then relder time, which leſſer cares haue tooke.

His olde acquaintance in thoſe forraine parts,
That had before moſt worthy actions ſeene,
Right bolde aduentures of his long deſerts,
Had loſt Sir *Guy*, as he had neuer beene.
Thoſe that in armour knew his martiall face,
Did not expect him in a Fryers caſe.

Amongſt

Amongst the reſt to whom he had bin knowne,
He met Earle *Terry* baniſh'd to exile:
Each vnto other being ſtrangers growne,
Through ſorrow, which the ſences doth beguile,
They had forgot that ere they ſaw each other,
Yet *Guy* was *Terryes*, *Terry Guyes* ſworne Brother.

Hauing related how their trauailes grew,
One's voluntary, tothers by conſtraint:
In taking leaue with curteſies adew,
Oh Engliſh-man (ſaid *Terry* ſighing faint)
I had a friend, a Country-man of thine,
Was Iuſtice Champion to great wrongs of mine.

Tyranny to the face he durſt defie,
And ſtampe his foote vppon Oppreſſions neckes:
Tell me deare friend, haſt thou not heard of *Guy*,
That had a hand to helpe, a ſword to chocke?
I haue (quoth he) and knowne him many yeares:
Guy Warwickes Earle, is one of *Englands* Peares.

What is thy Name? *Terry* (quoth he) I hight,
Greater by Birth then Fortunes make me ſeeme.
Terry (ſaid he) I vow to doe thee righe
In what I may, my poore good-will eſteeme.
To humane thoughts my Nature doth agree,
Thou lou'ſt my friend, I muſt of force loue thee.

Direct me to the man exil'd thee thus,
Ile take thy part, as farre as strength extends:
If *Guy* himselfe were here to ioyne with vs,
He doubt but say, *Ile venture life with friends*,
And be assured though I simple be,
I oft haue had as good successe as he.

Terry with loning thankes his loue requites,
And brings him to his foe, whom he defies?
And valiant with the aduerse Champion fights,
Till mortall wounded, at his feete he dyes:
Yet 'twas a man suppos'd of matchlesse worth,
That for the Combat they had singled forth.

When this was done, the Earle demands his name?
Pardon (quoth he) that were against a vow:
To no man liuing Ile reueale the same,
For I haue changed name and nature now:
Natures corruption I doe striue to leaue,
A new Regeneration to receiue.

Farwell my friend, euen as my soule would fare,
If we ne're meete on earth, heauen be the place:
For idle houres I haue no time to spare,
My hayres looke gray, they turne to white apace,
I haue great losse in short time to redeeme,
A minutes sorrow is of much esteeme.

So

So he departs towards *Iudea* ground,
Samaria, and *Galile*, to see:
Those parties by Christian Pilgrims so renown'd,
Because their Sauiours choyse was there to be.
Where he did suffer to redeeme our losse:
Euen from the Cratch vnto the bloody Crosse.

Much time he spends, and many yeares bestowes,
From place to place, about this Holy Land:
That all his friends in *England* doe suppose,
Now Death of him had got the vpper-hand.
For no report came, that could relate,
His life, his being, or his present state.

This put the world to silence, men were mute,
Concerning *Guy* they knew not what to say:
The dreadfull Champion in the armed suite
Was neither knowne nor fear'd in simple Gray.
But did endeauour all that ere he might,
Neuer to be reueal'd to any wight.

For vnto none he would his name disclose,
Nor tell direct what Country man he was,
Nor of his Noble minde, make any showes,
But striue in all things most obscure to passe.
Vntill by nat iue loue his minde was led,
To come and lay his bones where he was bred.

Guy after many yeares comes home,
To *England* for his Graue:
Kils *Colbrond* that great Gyant, and
Dyes poorely in a Caue.

Canto. 12.

EVen as the brighteſt glorious ſhining Day,
Will haue a night of darkeneſſe to ſucceed:
Which takes the pride of *Phœbus* quite away,
And makes the Earth to mourne in ſable weed.
Preſenting vs with drowſie heauie ſleepe,
Deaths memory in carefull thoughts to keepe.

So Youth, the day of Natures ſtrength and beauty,
Which hath a ſplendor like faire Heauens eye:
Muſt yeild to Age, by a ſubmiſſiue duty,
And grow ſo darke that life of force muſt dye.
When length of yeares brings ancient euening on
Irreuocable time is poſting gone.

This cogitation in *Guyes* breſt appeares,
By his returning from the Holy Land:
He findes himſelfe to be a man in yeares,
And that his glaſſe had but a little ſand
To runne, before his date of life expire,
Therefore to *England* he doth backe retire.

There

There to be buried where he had bin borne,
Was all the cauſe that did induce him backe:
To end his euening where he had his morne,
In doleſull colours of a Dead-mans blacke,
And let that body reſt in Engliſh ground, (found.
Which through the world no reſting place had

When he arriued on his Natiue ſhore,
He found the Countrey in extreame diſtreſſe:
For through the Kingdome armed troupes great
Againſt the Foe were all in readineſſe. (ſtore,
The King of *Denmarke* whoſe deſtroying hand,
A mighty Army bid ſecurely land.

And marched from the Coaſt with deuaſtion,
Deſtroying Townes, Villages ſet on fire:
Working ſuch terrour vnto all the Nation,
King *Athelſtone* was forced to retire
To *Wincheſter*, which when the *Danes* once knew,
Towards that Citty all their ſtrength they drew.

Which was too ſtrong for Speare and ſhield to win,
(Inuincible our walls of Stone were then)
They wanted Cannon-keyes to let them in,
Hell's pick-locke powder was vnknowne to men.
The Deuill had not taught ſuch murthering ſmoke,
A Souldiers honour was his manly ſtroke.

Behol-

Beholding now how they repulſed were,
That *Winchester* by no meane, could be wonne:
They doe conclude to ſummon parley there,
And with a Challenge haue all quarrels done.
An *Engliſhman* to Combate with a *Dane*,
And that King looſe, that had his Champion ſlaine.

Wherewith a huge great Gyant doth appeare,
Demaunding where the Foxes all were crept?
Saying, if one dare come and meete me heere,
That hath true valour for his Countrey kept,
Let him come forth his manhood to diſcloſe,
Or elſe the *Engliſh* are but Coward foes.

Why very Crauens, on their Dunghils dare
Both crow and ſtrike, before they runne & cry,
Is Engliſh courage now become ſo rare,
That none will fight becauſe they feare to dye?
Then I pronounce you all faint-hearted fooles,
Affraid to looke on manly martiall tooles.

What ſlaunders I haue heard in forraine Lands,
Of theſe poore men for deeds which they haue done
Moſt falſe they are, belyed of their hands,
But he ſayes true, that ſayes their feete can runne,
They haue a Prouerbe to inſtruct them in,
That 'tis good ſleeping in a ſound whole skin.

Thus

Thus did he vaunt, in tearmes of proud diſdaine,
And threw his Gantlet downe, ſaying there's my
At length great *Guy* no lõger could refrain, (Gloue:
Seeing all ſtraine curteſie to expreſſe their loue,
But comes vnto the King, and ſayes dread Lord,
This Combat to thy vnknowne Knight afford.

Although in ſimple habite I am hid,
Yeelding no ſhow of that I vndertake:
I ne're attempted ought but what I did,
An end of of *Colbrond* (on my ſoule) Ile make.
Palmer (quoth *Athelſtone*) I like thy ſprite:
God ſent thee hither, and he ayde thee right.

His powerfull hand lend vigor to thy blowes,
And grant thy foote vppon thy foe may treade:
Amen (quoth *Guy*) and with great courage goes,
Forth *wincheſters* Noth-gate vnto *Hide-meade*.
Where that ſame Monſter of a man he found,
Treading at euery ſtep two yardes of ground.

Art thou the man (quoth *Colbrond*) art thou he,
On whom the King will venter *Englands* Crowne?
Can he not finde a fitter match for me:
Then this poore Raſcall in a threed-bare Gowne?
Wher's all his Knights & worthy Champions now,
I doe diſdaine ſo baſe a ſlaue as thou.

Guy *fights to free all* Englands feares,
With Colbrond *Gyant* Dane:
And in Hide-mead *at* Wincheſter,
Was that Goliah *ſlaine.*

Gyant

Gyant (ſaid *Guy*) man-hood ſhould neuer rayle,
To breath theayre with blaſts of idle winde:
A Souldiers weapon beſt can tell his tale,
Thy deſtiny vppon my Sword I finde:
Twill let thee blood while thou haſt drops to bleed,
And ſpell thy Death for all the *Danes* to reed.

Thus I begin, and on his Armour layde,
That *Colbronds* coate was neuer cudgel'd ſo:
Who with his Club did watch to meete his blade,
Intending to haue broken it with a blow,
But *Guy* was ſure his Sword would holde out play,
It had bin truſty many a cruell fray.

And therfore boldely he preſumes thereon,
Laying about, as faſt as he could driue,
Vntill the Lubbers breath was almoſt gone,
(For with a weighty Club did *Colbrond* ſtriue)
which lighting on the ground, made earth giue way,
As if ſome Deuill did about him lay.

So long they held this ſterne and ireſull fight,
That the beholders knew not what to deeme:
Yet ſtill ſome wounds to *Colbronds* ſhare did light,
Which to the *Engliſh* did great comfort ſeeme.
Beſides, their Champion gaue encouragement,
By actiue cariage, danger to preuent.

Quoth *Colbrond*, *Engliſh-man* will thou forbeare,
And ſue for mercy, let the Fight alone?
Villaine (quoth *Guy*) I ſcorne thy Coward feare,
Ile haue thy life, or it ſhall coſt mine owne,
We'le neuer part till one be ſoundly ſped,
The King hath ventur'd *England* on my Head.

For twenty *Denmarkes* (if they might be found)
And all the wealth that on the Ocean ſwimmes,
I will not yeeld an inch of Engliſh ground,
Thou ſhalt finde mettle in theſe aged limmes,
Although thy bodyes height be more then mine,
I haue a heart bigger by ods then thine.

Thinke on thy ancient Grand-ſier *Gogmagog*,
Whom *Corineus* dealt withall at *Douer*,
How that ſame Lubber like a timber-log,
Was by the worthy Brittaine tumbled ouer,
For his bolde Challenge he had ſuch a checke,
There was no Surgion could amend his necke.

Thou art deceiu'd in me poore ſilly ſot,
I am vntaught to bend ſubmiſſions knees,
Hold me no Chriſtian if I faile a iot,
(And for the world that tytle Ile not leeſe)
Betake thee to thy tooles, honour thy King,
Vppon thy man-hood lyes a mighty thing.

And

And thus I doe incounter thee afresh,
With that he lent him such a powerfull stroke,
It made wide rupture in the Gyants flesh,
And did his furious Choller much prouoke,
Laying about him in most cruell rage,
Till the next wound did all his heate asswage.

It was so mortall that it brought him downe,
To lye and groane vppon the bloody ground,
Forthwith a showte was heard from out the Towne,
That all the Skye did Eccho to the sound,
Great ioy was made by euery Englishe heart,
And all the *Danes* with extreame griefe depart.

King *Athelstone* sent for his Champion then,
To doe him honour for his famous deede,
Who was receiued by the Clergie men,
With all solemnitie for such high meede,
Embraced by the Nobles, and renown'd
With Martiall musicke, Drum & Trumpets sound.

But little pleasure *Guy* conceiues herein,
Refusing Iewels, costly Ornaments,
Saying with these he out of loue hath bin
For many yeares; by true experiments.
Onely thankes God that blest him with an hower,
To free his Countrey from inuading power.

And ſo intreates that he may paſſe vnknowne,
To liue where pouerty regards not wealth:
And be beholden to the helpe of none,
Seeing the world but now and then by ſtealth,
For true Content doth ſuch a Treaſure bring,
It makes the Begger richer then the King.

With true Content (ſaith he) I will abide,
In homely Cottage, free from all reſort,
For I haue found, Content cannot be ſpide,
To make abode within a monarchs Court,
No, there's ambition, pride, and enuy ſeene,
And fawning flattery ſtepping ſtill betweene.

Yet gentle Palmer (ſaid the King) agree,
Where euer thou reſolueſt to remaine:
Acquaint thy name in priuate vnto me,
And this is all thy Soueraigne will obtaine,
Tell me but who thou art, I will conceale it:
As I am *Englands* King Ile not reueale it.

Why then (quoth he) your Grace ſhall vnderſtand,
I am your Subiect, *Guy* of *Warwicke* named,
That haue theſe many yeares not ſeene your Land,
But bin where Youth by ancient Age is tamed.
Yea, where experience taught me wit (dread Prince)
The World of many follyes to conuince.

And

And now am come to bring my bones to Graue,
Within the Kingdome where I first tooke life:
Yet shall no Creature else the notice haue
Of my arriuall, nor my deerest Wife,
Till sicknes come, and doth my death foretell,
Then Ile acquaint her with my last farwell.

The King with ioy embrac'd him in his armes,
And with great admiration answers thus:
Most worthy Earle, freer of *Englands* harmes,
It grieues my soule thou wilt not liue with vs.
Oh were thy resolutions, thoughts but now,
That my perswasions might preuent thy Vow.

But 'tis too late, they are growne ripe I see,
Thou art too setled in determination,
Well honourable man, yet this ioyes mee,
Thou bringest thy bones vnto thy deerest Nation,
Where Monuments of thy great deeds shall last,
Till after Ages of the world be past.

In *Warwicke* Castle shall thy Sword be kept,
To witnes to the world what thou hast bin:
And least forgetfull time should intercept,
A President I present will begin,
The Castle-keeper shall receaue a fee,
To keepe thy Sword in memory of thee.

Thy

Thy Armour likewiſe, and the martiall Spheare,
That did thee ſeruice in thy high deſignes;
Shall be preſerued very carefull there,
That all ſuch men as haue diſtruſtfull mindes,
May thinke (if from a truth this did not grow)
A King would ſcorne to couſen people ſo.

And in thy Chappell (diſtant thence a mile)
A bone ſhall hang of that ſame cruell Beaſt,
Which neare to *Couentrey* remain'd long while,
Whoſe Rib by meaſure is ſixe foote at leaſt,
Deſtroying many that did paſſe that way,
Vntill thy Man-hood did the Saluage ſlay.

That by tradition men may ſpeake and tell,
This was *Guyes* armour, this his maſſie blade, (quell
Theſe bones of murthering Beaſts which men did
And this the Tombe, wherein his Corpes was layde,
This the true Picture of his ſhape at length,
And this the Speare did oft expreſſe his ſtrength.

For ſure I holde it an vngrateſull thing,
(When thou by Natures courſe in duſt ſhalt lye)
No Memory ſhall cauſe ſome Muſe to ſing,
The Worthyneſſe of matchleſſe Engliſh *Guy*,
Thy Country-men would proue too farre vnkinde,
When out of ſight they leaue thee out of minde.

This

So call'd a Heardſman as he paſſed by,
And ſaid, good friend doe me a ſpeciall fauour:
Euen in a matter that concernes me nye,
(My hope relyes vppon thy kinde behauiour.)
To *Warwicke* Caſtle ſpeedily repaire,
And for the Counteſſe aske, with truſty care.

Deliuer thou this Ring to her owne hand,
And ſay the ancient Pilgrim ſent the ſame,
That lately at her Gate with Scrip did ſtand,
To beg an almes in bleſſed *Ieſus* Name.
And if ſhe aske thee where I doe remaine?
Direct her hither, ſhe'le requite thy paine.

Sir (quoth the Heardſmen) I ſhall be aſham'd,
That ne're durſt ſpeake to Lady in my life:
Nay more and 't pleaſe you, I may much be blam'd,
To carry Rings to ſuch a great mans Wife.
Beſides if I ſhould looſe it by the way,
Why what would you, and Madam *Phelice* ſay?

Guy, frame not ſuch idle doubt,
on thee at all:
u goeſt about,
eſtion call.
hee lend,
ng friend.

With

With that he goes and mannerly betakes
The token to the Gounteſſe, which ſhe ſeeing,
Moſt admirable wonder at it makes!
Ah friend (quoth ſhe) where is my Husbands being?
Husband (ſaid he) that newes I doe not bring,
From an olde Begger I receiu'd the Ring.

His houſe was made of neither Wood nor Stone,
But vnder ground into a hole it went:
And in my conſcience there he dwels alone,
And neuer payes his Land-lord quarters Rent.
Ah 'tis my *Guy* (ſhe ſaid) ſhowe me his Cell,
And for thy paines I will reward thee well.

So he directs *warwickes* faire Counteſſe thither,
Who entring in that melancholly place,
Her Lord and ſhe imbracing, weepe together,
Vnable to pronounce a word long ſpace,
Long time they two had not a tongue to ſpeake,
Till *Guyes* diſcretions ſorrowes doore did breake.

Phelice (quoth he) now take thy leaue of
That ſent to ſee thee ere his ſight de-
Within thine armes I doe
And breath my ſprite fr
Thou gau'ſt me almes
'Tis bleſſednes to pitty

Looke not ſo ſo ſtrange, bewayle not ſo my Deare,
Ah weepe not Loue, I doe not want thy teares:
I haue ſhed Plenty ſince my comming heere,
Of true remorſe, my Conſcience witneſſe beares.
Thou weep'ſt not now, becauſe I wept no more,
But to beholde me friendleſſe, helpleſſe, poore.

Wife I haue ſought the place that all deſire,
Though few endeauour for, eternall reſt:
The ſoule which to that Heauen doth aſpire,
Muſt leaue the world, and worldly thinges deteſt.
'Tis full of Deuils that on ſoules doe wayte,
And full of ſnares: in euery place ſome bayte.

Ah *Phelice*, I haue ſpent (and then he wept)
Youth, (Natures Day) vpon the loue of thee:
And for my God, olde rotten Age haue kept,
The Night of Nature, *Chriſt forgiue it me:*
Sorrow lyes heauy on my ſoule for this:
Sweete Sauiour Chriſt, pardon my amiſſe.